

# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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NOVEMBER 21, 1936

## WHO'S WHO

HARRY CHAPIN PLUMMER arrived back from Spain two weeks ago. He had lived in Barcelona for nearly two years, and was an eye-witness of the orgy that swept over the city in July. He was an observer, also, of the civil war through the rest of Spain. During his sojourn in Spain he was the representative of the European edition of the *Herald-Tribune* (Paris), and correspondent for the *Motion Picture Herald*, and *Motion Picture Daily* (New York). He has written extensively as a journalist and free-lancer in many papers. His vivid narratives will appear also in the next two issues. . . . FRANK HAMILTON SPEARMAN boasts seventy-seven years. In 1900 he began publishing novels, and by 1906, with his *Whispering Smith*, he became one of America's best-sellers. He has upwards of twenty full-length, fine, healthy fiction-books to his credit. He is the recipient of many honorary degrees, and holder of the Laetare Medal. He seems to be incensed about the Spanish correspondents. . . . JOHN A. WALSH is, comparatively, a young man; out of Harvard for four years. . . . JOSEPH J. REILLY is one of the great contemporary literary critics. At present, he is Librarian and Professor of English, Hunter College, N. Y. He has written several books on Newman, Lowell, and other masters of English.

NEXT WEEK will be featured by articles dealing with the *San Francisco Strike*, *Youth and the Living Wage*, *Boswell as a Catholic*. Also, Plummer on *Spain*. Decidedly, a typically contemporary *Page of Poetry*. . . . Issue of December 5: *Book Supplement*, with suggestions for Christmas presents.

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# COMMENT

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MINGLED emotions surged through Father Coughlin on November 8 when he bade his farewell to his public, and mingled were the emotions of his hearers. He was sad and tired, disillusioned and somewhat despairing, understanding of the frailty of men yet deploring their blindness, charitable toward all who opposed him and forgiving of them yet warning them that they must take up the burden which he was laying aside. His sternest strictures were not on the capitalists, the bankers, the politicians, the journalists, or even on the Communists; they were on the clergy and the laity of his own Church. Not those whom he had attacked so bitterly had forced him to retire but those whose champion he had hoped to be had led him to withdraw from the public view, "in the best interests of all." He was hopeful that his sixteen points would be perpetuated, and he was willing, when time and opinion demanded, to serve once more the cause for which he campaigned: "To preserve Christianity, to oppose Communism, to purify modern Capitalism, and to safeguard Democracy." Father Coughlin's voice will not, for the present, be heard weekly in the homes of the people. It will not assail the ears of those who listened but to condemn. There is a loss for the Church and the country in his silence. His financial and industrial philosophy might continue to be questioned. His political activities might be disputed. His violations of etiquette and good manners might have to be excused. But his sincere and eloquent championship of the poor man, of the under-man, his brave promulgation of the words of the Popes on modern rights and duties, his denunciation of injustice in high places, his profession of Faith in the Church he serves as priest, his spiritual messages inspiring to more saintly living, these will be missed and these we are sorry to lose. Father Coughlin's retirement from public life may be long or short, it may bring joy and relief or it may cause dismay, but the chief objectives for which he labored and the ideals toward which he strove must never be forgotten.

COMMEMORATING this year the nineteenth centenary of St. Paul's conversion from Judaism to Christianity, many of his remarkable gifts and works offer themselves for our admiration. Yet somehow, despite his wonderful theology, the great Apostle of the Gentiles claims our admiration more for his outstanding missionary labors and travels. He is the unrivalled missionary, *peregrinus pro Christo*, outlawed, exiled, in chains for Christ, his ideal to spend and to be spent for his Lord and Master. His fiery zeal, indefatigable labors, matchless eloquence were all dedicated and subordinated to make Christ known and His kingdom come. Three things did the Bishop of Hippo, St. Augustine, de-

sire to see: Christ in the flesh, Rome in its glory, and Paul thundering forth in Athens the new learning, preaching the new life that was to transform a world. The missionary methods of St. Paul have never grown out of date, nor have they been improved upon. He never allows narrowing national prejudice to obstruct his work for God. To the narrow-minded nationalism of the Jews he opposes the universality of redemption. He realized, too, that culture was a powerful instrument for the propagation of the Faith and so at Athens, at Corinth and elsewhere he adapted his sermons to suit and meet the mentality and capacity of his audience. "He became all things to all men in order to gain all to Christ." His message was timeless, the revelation of God's love in Christ. The preaching of the message is as pertinent to the missionary of today as it was in the first century of Christianity, for Paul ever remains the ideal ambassador of Christ.

METROPOLITAN San Francisco awakened to a new era when the stupendous Bay Bridge was formally dedicated last week and opened to traffic. Eight and one-quarter miles in total length and more than half this distance across water, the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge stands as the greatest undertaking of its kind in the history of mankind and is predicted to remain for many years as the world's longest and largest bridge. The initial work was begun in 1933 and now after three years of untiring effort it lifts its lofty towers and highswung decks as a monument to the courage and determination of an indomitable people. The story of its construction with its apparently insurmountable difficulties reads like a chapter from the history of the sturdy pioneers who crossed the plains to win and claim this lovely land beyond the snow-capped Sierras. It is significant and fitting that his Eminence Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli on his visit to the City of the Golden Gate should have been requested by Mayor Angelo J. Rossi to bless the bridge and pray God's blessing on the people of the West. For in the land now shadowed by its towers the indefatigable Fray Junipero Serra and his religious companions began to build the city which proudly bears the name of the illustrious St. Francis of Assisi.

IRELAND'S new Constitution, planned with a view to an all-Ireland Republic, received a general outlining by Mr. de Valera in a meeting at Dublin. Two important constituent parts that put an end to much expectancy and surmise were promised. It will contain a provision for the direct election by the people of a Chief Magistrate, similar to the President of the United States, who will be inde-



pendent in the exercise of certain powers of his office, but be dependent in others on the advice of the Government. Under the proposed Constitution there will be a bicameral legislature with the Executive responsible to the Legislature. The new Senate, or second chamber, will not be constituted on party or geographical lines but on a functional basis. A special commission appointed to report on the composition and powers of the new second chamber turned in a majority and minority report; a small measure of unanimity was reached in its findings, the Chairman and other members adding explanations of their own. The majority favored a Senate composed of forty-five, two-thirds to be elected, indirectly however, and one-third to be nominated by the President. The selection of a functional or occupational body terminates much discussion pro and con during many months and while it was the more general belief that a second body of some kind was preferable, how to secure its being serviceable and still not reactionary, nullifying the efforts of the Dail and the Executive, caused much concern. Mr. de Valera said in his Dublin speech at the Mansion House before delegates from all sections of the country: "We do not, however, want a Fascist Senate that would curb and interfere with the primary house and the government in carrying out the will of the people."

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FROM the house of his dreams Ed Ballard, hotel man, sportsman, fancy farmer, millionaire, of no professed religion, was laid to rest. Strangest of funerals! Imagine twenty-six French-windowed six-story brick houses arranged not in a block but in a solid circle, around a magnificent mosaic floor. Over the circle is a glass dome, the greatest in the world, it is said. In the midst of the floor, stands a marble statue of the Sacred Heart. Ed Ballard's dream was to see the 700 rooms of his West Baden Springs, Ind., hotel filled to overflowing with finely dressed guests, gathering from the four corners of the world just as they did at nearby French Lick to drink the sulphur waters, enjoy the baths, throng the groomed Italian gardens, admire the countless species of evergreens, and deploy over the vast golf courses. Music, booths, dancing, laughter, politics, sport, business, pleasure, health, and wealth thronged for a time the huge atrium and its surrounding lobbies. But a strange financial handwriting appeared upon the palace wall and for five years West Baden Springs was silent as the tomb. Later a new life appeared in it, of "prayer, patience, alms, vows," of laborious study and peaceful discipline. Young men furnished the music and laughter, but at measured moments. Then on November 9 of this year Ed Ballard lay, all his dreams over, in a lone casket upon the mosaic floor, surrounded by some 240 silent Jesuits, black-cassocked beneficiaries of his unconditioned gift. A Psalm was recited by the Very Rev. Thomas J. Donnelly, S.J., Rector of the Scholasticate, followed by the *Pater Noster*; and Ed Ballard was carried to his grave. No material thing can purchase Heaven. But did Mr. Ballard win the prize by the simple reverence and human

spirit that prompted so forthright an offering? Only the Last Judgment can reveal.

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WHEN the plague of birth control began to spread in this country some few years ago, Catholic moralists cried out against it because it was a sin. For saying this they were laughed at in most quarters. The morality of the practice did not concern the many at all, they were thinking only of the physical benefits to be derived therefrom. It seems now the tables are being turned. At the recent conference of the State Federation of Women's Clubs in New York, groups of ladies, who a few years ago were regaled with accounts of the horrors that attend fecundity, were now told of the horrors that are attending sterility. One of the speakers, Dr. George W. Kosmak, editor of the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, gave startling statistics about the present unsatisfactory birth rate, and declared unequivocally that the birth control movement is becoming dangerous to the future of the nation. "The family limitation policy advocated so widely in recent years is not proceeding along satisfactory lines" declared Dr. Kosmak. "It is developing a situation in this country which may have far-reaching effects in eventually bringing population growth to an absolute standstill. Judging from past experience there seems to be little danger of overpopulation in this country. We are rapidly arriving at a point where deaths will outnumber births, and this would mean stagnation. When growth stops, the nation, like a tree, eventually dies." An even more forceful warning against the dangers of social diseases was made by Dr. John H. Stokes of the University of Pennsylvania, who asserted that if our nation did not develop a religious sense and a moral character, there will be no use of the hygienists trying any further to stem the ravages of those hideous social diseases which are multiplying in the bodies of our men and women day by day. The tables have indeed turned.

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HYSTERIA may easily enter into our detestation of Communism. But all opposition to its ideology and its practices must not be, therefore, lessened. It is the very Communist hysteria against organized society that begets the anti-Communist hysteria; when both rise to the high pitch of near-insanity then violence will ensue. The American League against Communism, which is not Fascist, has been organized "not to sit idly," but to match itself against "the lackeys of a foreign power" which attempts "to sow seeds of discontent and plant the dynamite which is intended to blow the finest economic system the world has ever known off the face of the earth." This League has discovered what all observers have been aware of, that Communists are receiving State pay and returning Communist propaganda. *State Building News*, issued by a New York unit of the Communist organization is not much in the way of literature or of news. But it is weighty as an indication of purpose, namely the indoctrination of State employes with anti-State virus.

# BARCELONA SEIZED BY ANARCHO-SYNDICALISTS

Fruits of anarchistic and communistic doctrine

HARRY C. PLUMMER

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IN the operatic versions of *Faust*, we are inclined to view the famed *Walpurgisnacht* scenes on the *Brocken* as somewhat the fictional interpretation in *mise-en-scene* and choreography of a great poet's imaginativeness. We rarely expect, in this earthly life, at least, to witness any such manifestation of mental and spiritual aberration as those with which chorus and ballet regale us for purposes of artistic contrast to the quieter, tenderer, more romantic, more sensitive phases and episodes of the mighty Goethe drama.

On that fateful "Red Sunday," July 19, when one of Europe's fairest and proudest cities and Spain's largest, capital of her most productive industrial region, Cataluña, "went beserk," so to say and her hitherto imposing ecclesiastical community was converted within but an hour or two into a shambles, those *Walpurgisnacht* scenes were staged in real life by hordes of men and women possessed, as it seemed, of the evil one himself. And the setting, the *decors* for this holocaust was the angry glare of flames licking at altars, at shrines, at giant crucifixes, at Stations of the Cross, at transept, nave, vaulted and frescoed ceiling, at priceless and irreplaceable paintings and works of art, and bringing down in shattering fragments stained glass windows that in their original beauty, preserved through succeeding centuries, had arrested mind, heart, and soul of their beholders.

Yes, in this twentieth century after Christ—or, one asked one's self not irreverently, could it be still the twentieth century before Christ?—in modern, bustling, dynamic Barcelona, a city bigger than Boston, I witnessed an orgy, a conflagration and a cataclysm, all combined in one. Not timed and cued, disciplined and perfectly co-ordinated *corps de ballet* and ensemble of chorus and actors mimicked the German master's vision of fantastic drama, but a concourse of people of this day and age of ours. They were motivated by a foul and hideous singleness of purpose and fevered by poisonous doctrines of Anarchy and Communism. They sought, in one afternoon and evening, to destroy the Catholic Church in Spain, and with it every vestige of the Faith, the philosophy, the organization it represented, every minutest tangible evidence of its existence, its culture and its influence.

I was humiliated and shocked by seeing one whom I regarded as my personal friend frantically cursing as he sought stones and fragments of iron and masonry fallen from temple roof and walls with which to hurl at a wooden image of the Crucified Christ, just as the Jews on Calvary Hill had stoned His bleeding, dying body. But my horror, my anger, my disgust were for the moment assuaged when I recalled the words of Him whom they stoned 1936 years ago: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" Indeed, that youth, steward on one of the Transmediterranean liners, knew no more what he was doing in that moment than did the rabble who had secured the release of Barabbas. The recollection of that Divine plea for forgiveness, for absolution, enabled me thenceforward to view the ensuing scenes of that mad Sabbath night with some measure of detachment, much as one might watch the convulsions and spasms of a man or woman in the throes of epilepsy, sorrowful in the knowledge that one was powerless to prevent, arrest or even lessen in the slightest degree the paroxysms.

This carnival of "hatred, malice and all uncharitableness," perforce, must spend itself; as in those manifestations of emotional disturbance in the mentally afflicted, relief would be insured by the very physical exhaustion they must produce. I was witnessing the first fruits of the spread of Anarchistic and Communistic doctrine. As a matter of fact, I had heard, seen, and sensed the administration of the poison and had had opportunity to watch the progressive stages of its toxic operation upon understanding, upon spirit, upon the emotions, finally upon the passions!

I had lived for a year and one-half in an exceedingly modest *pensión*, or boarding-house, in the heart of Barcelona's *Pueblo Seco*, an essentially working-class community of "homey" and thoroughly democratic standards on the brow of the Montjuich Promontory and Park, and almost within the shadow of the grim fortress and castle of ugly historical associations. Among the lodgers were many young fellows coming from small towns and country villages in the Cataluña and Levante provinces. Most of them were tasting for the first time freedom from the restraints and discipline of home and



schoolroom, farm drudgery and workshop, and the control and supervision of parent, teacher, pastor or employer. With the natural ebullition of youth they found the new condition to be most attractive. Within their easy reach lay the allurements and the temptations of the *Barrio Chino*, Barcelona's somewhat frowsy edition of Montmartre, with its tawdry theaters, cabarets, cinemas, cafés and questionable resorts. But those boys, although mostly of Catalan stock, did not differ materially from their fellow Spaniards from other regions of the Peninsula. For the most part they were endowed with the "horse sense" which is a characteristic of the Catalan and the Spaniard alike, with a lively sense of humor, which, likewise, is an attribute common to both, and with fair schooling.

The intelligence and reason of these boys were proof against the pitfalls of a "White Light" district which might well have debauched a folk of far less sturdy mental qualities. Rarely was one of the boys to be seen under alcoholic influence; rarely, very rarely, was there evidence that the *divertissements* of the *Barrio Chino* had gained whatsoever of a hold upon them. Alas! How unfortunate that their powers of resistance were not equal to the insidious radical propaganda of Moscow that was being instilled into their young minds at their still impressionable age, and which, by the very nature of their background, presented new horizons of *philosophy*, political and economic and intimately spiritual.

Among the lodgers at the *pensión* was an avowed Anarchist, one who regularly attended the meetings of the Syndicalist group which later was to wrest virtual control of the Government of the Popular Front, and to stage the appalling succession of atrocities that stunned modern civilization this mid-summer. This man was a member of the *Federación Anarquista Iberica*—the Spanish Anarchist Federation. He was in his early forties, was lame from a club foot and, like so many who are partially crippled, was a confirmed misanthrope and, at intervals, was subject to the peculiar perverseness of the deformed. When in an ugly mood, his bitterness, his vindictiveness knew no bounds. But for the most part his diatribes aimed at the existing order, at all Right or Conservative or even Moderate influences in national and regional politics, at the Church and the clergy, and, most particularly, at the *bourgeoisie*, were delivered with tolerably good nature. However, he employed all the artifices of arraignment and eloquence known to the agitator of his kind and class.

When directing a violent attack upon this or that Minister of the nation at Madrid, past or present, or against some official of the Catalan autonomous Government at Barcelona, in language replete with the metaphors of Valenciano dialect, closely akin to Catalan, he would indulge in sarcasm that was as keen and penetrating as a rapier thrust. The fatal danger, as it later proved, of this man's words, in their effect upon his young and unsophisticated listeners, lay not so much in the hideous doctrine expounded as in the fact that they were imbibing it from one of their number, from one of their race

and nation, from one of their own tongue, from one with whom they daily associated as *compatriota*. The listeners, some of them beardless youths, registered ideas, suggestions, facts, real or fancied, statistics, however far fetched, because they came from one whom they knew as boon companion, as "pal," so to say, whereas they would have eschewed the same ideas and suggestions had they been propounded by a foreigner or even by one from a distant part of Spain.

This, their teacher well knew. He never failed, in his conversations with those of more well-to-do background to stress the fact that his sister, who and whose husband contributed to his support when he was not regularly employed at his bookbinder's trade, were people of means who moved in good society—were of the *bourgeoisie*. One condition he studiously withheld from them, that he was beating down their national identity as Spaniards; that he was striking the Spanish flag from its masthead; that he was undermining the Spanish Constitution which was the safeguard of their lives and their possessions and those of their fathers and families and which guaranteed them their new found liberties in the big city to which they had come from rural areas.

That was to come later, following the revolt, when the Spanish flag all but disappeared from public edifice and street parade and came eventually to be unfurled there companioned with the diagonally-divided red-and-black flag of Anarcho-Syndicalism. That was to come later, when from the tower and roof of blackened and maimed church and convent, still surmounted by the Cross of Christ, there careened drunkenly and today continues to careen drunkenly, the diagonally-divided initialed red-and-black flag of the *Confederación Nacional de Trabajo* (National Confederation of Labor) and the aforementioned Spanish Anarchist Federation.

These two organizations are interlocking units—the former an operating syndicalist group, the latter a philosophical expression of the same diabolical creed—and their memberships are virtually the same. They were and are the motivating force of government in Cataluña following the revolt. Similarly, they dominated in Valencia and other industrial centers and areas in Spain, while the U. G. T., or *Unión General de Trabajo* (General Labor Union), a Socialist body of less "direct action" tendencies held the key position in Madrid and its surrounding territory and bore (and bears) virtually the same relation to the national government that the C. N. T.-F. A. I. combine did (and does) to the Catalan regional administration.

In ensuing issues of AMERICA, I shall endeavor to present the picture of Anarcho-Syndicalism's abortive attempt to wreck and destroy, in everything pertaining to national and regional identity, a nation we are wont glibly and most untruthfully and unjustly to refer to as "decadent." I believe one of the most inspiring and dramatic spectacles the world has seen in ages will be the "come-back" of the Spanish nation—chastened, disciplined, better organized, but intact!

# BELLOC RECAST ENGLAND'S HISTORY

He tore to shreds the Protestant myths

JOHN A. WALSH

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SAID my Cockney friend: "I don't say as wot all people wot goes to choich is iggerunt, but I do say as wot most of them is." "'Course," he continued, "I was brought up a Catholic myself but since I left Limehouse I've become enlightened."

The last word, pronounced in his 'orrible dialect, awakened an unpleasant chain of memories. It brought me back to the turn of the century when the belief in enlightenment was typical not only of a Cockney tramp attired in the shabby clothes and threadbare thoughts of bygone days, but of the dilettantes of Mayfair, and of the dons of Oxford and Cambridge as well. H. G. Wells was picturing the Catholic Church as a dark shadow of superstition and error ever retreating before the lighted beacons of science and knowledge. Most of England concurred in the belief that in the twentieth century it would fittingly disappear from the last corner of a resplendent civilization.

G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc are as symbolic of the death of this idea as a black crêpe on a house door. They are symbolic in two senses: first, because by merely existing—and thriving—in the clear, rarefied air of "advanced civilization" they have proven that Catholicism is not the primitive creature of dark caves and miasmal swamps that Wells seemed to think it; second, because in their writings they have attacked the theory and done it to death.

We take Hilaire Belloc. He it is who stabbed the theory of enlightenment in its most vital organ—history. Other historians had, of course, tried to do something with this unruly, this truly foolish theory. Lingard, with a priest's patience, had tried to reason with it showing it kindly the error of its ways. Gasquet, with an abbot's gentleness, in his studies of monasticism and the English Reformation, had tried to persuade it sweetly that it was not true. Many had shown in lesser works specific cases where the facts flatly contradicted it. But it was a stubborn creature of prejudice and hate, not reason; sterner measures were necessary. Belloc struck and the thing fell. The light was put out.

Belloc did not pick out flaws in the theory here and there like Gasquet; he boldly reinterpreted all history. Belloc did not write for scholars alone, like Lingard; he wrote for all. He erased the theory

from all minds large enough (or should I say small enough) to hold it, whether they were minds fed by pink journals or minds nourished on bulky tomes. Belloc did not reason or persuade; he baldly stated and forcefully proved.

Thus only could a change be effected. Only a bold reinterpretation of all history backed up by the most prodigious scholarship; only a style so irresistible as to attract all classes of reader; only statements as conclusively sudden as the end of the Pied Piper's story could startle the Anglo-Saxon peoples out of their complacent beliefs in progress, in liberty, in democracy, in nationalism and, above all, in the "enlightened" Protestantism that was supposed to have championed these forces against the "backward" Catholicism that was supposed to have opposed them. All English history had an anti-Catholic twist until Belloc straightened it out.

During the "Dark Ages," for example, the "Roman" Church always was portrayed as a sinister influence lurking, like the mustachioed villain of a melodrama, in the background. In the Anglo-Saxon period Bishop Stubbs with truly meticulous scholarship explored the Germanic origins of Britain's free institutions and enlightened common laws. He implied that in her happy escape from the wicked Roman clutch that throttled abject subjection in Italy, Spain, and France, lay England's unique heritage of freedom and enlightenment. That is melodrama. And when the Norman Conquest was pictured in Freeman's inspired prose, sweeping away Anglo-Saxon rule, monographs fell as thick as snow to reveal Anglo-Saxon liberty existing as an undercurrent, and to illuminate with surprising zeal that brief moment when the Conqueror turned a cold shoulder on the Papal Delegate to deduce therefrom some slight hostility to the Pope himself.

And then came the dawn! The Renaissance! The Reformation! Against a gorgeous backdrop streaked with the pink hues of the dawn of scientific knowledge and philosophical scepticism enlightened Protestantism dramatically comes out to do battle with the villain of Rome. With what zest Froude marshals the newly released forces of nationalism, democracy, and even liberty of conscience behind the banners of Protestantism; with what imagination he forces their opposites—sub-



servience to Rome, autocracy and intolerance—into line behind the Papal insignia!

In the Bright Ages which followed the Renaissance as in the "Dark Ages" which preceded it, the "Roman" Catholic Church continues to be cast in the character of the swarthy villain in the wings, frowning at the progress of the fair-haired Anglo-Saxon hero advancing through the nationalism, democracy, and freedom of conscience of "enlightened Protestantism" to the inevitable happy ending. The general plot of this advance was laid down by Macaulay; the happy ending being the industrial prosperity and representative government of Victorian England; the style, that of a partisan Whig political tractate. But if the student of English history did not absorb the theory at this source, he absorbed it from Lecky or Green or Trevelyan or some lesser historian, because all histories were but variations of this hackneyed plot. And if he did not get it there, he got it in novels like Kingsley's *Westward Ho*, where, at least, its blond and foolish face is not disguised in the distinguished white beard of history. English history and the theory of enlightenment were inseparable, as inseparable as the hero and the heroine who invariably entwine themselves about each other just as the curtain falls upon the scene at the conclusion of a typically foolish play.

Belloc's achievement was the breaking asunder of this four-century-old union. He exposed the theory of enlightenment in English history as the flaxen haired dolt that it was. He brought forward into the light the Catholic Church from the shadows in which it had been consigned, to reveal it as the stern, high-principled character it really was, not backward but conservative, not England's enemy but her truest friend.

The Church, not the Anglo-Saxon tribes of Stubbs and the official historians of England, was the true father of English as of all European civilization; the tribe of invading Anglo-Saxons was but the step-father, and a cruel and barbaric step-father at that. In England just as in the rest of Europe, pagan Rome brought forth civilization before the Invasions; in England just as in the rest of Europe the Faith reared the pagan child in the way of truth and beauty after the Invasions. The period of the Invasions was but a stormy interval in the life of medieval civilization. Moreover, England at that time appreciated the Faith's gift of civilization, and the attempt of a later period to read fractious nationalistic protests against the fatherhood of Rome into the Middle Ages violates the sweet peace of the family of Christendom. It is false history, this attempt, which Belloc has frustrated, to picture the Church, Europe's true friend, as the enemy of English civilization.

After the breakup of Christendom with the Reformation, Belloc continues to frustrate the attempt to make the Church the opponent of English civilization. The charge is that "Popery" opposed the liberal forces of enlightenment—nationalism, democracy, and liberty. To be sure, the champions of Catholic culture often opposed these forces and the champions of the Protestant culture often advanced

them. But these forces were never the bones of contention between the two cultures; they were merely the by-products of the conflict. Yet historians marshal nationalism, democracy, and liberty behind the banner of Protestantism and their opposites behind the papal insignia through the same motives that lead them to bless "good Queen Bess" and to curse "Bloody Mary."

And Belloc meets both attacks in the same fashion. He exposes romantic Queen Bess for the red-headed puppet of Lord Cecil's that she was; he injects the life-blood of understanding into the deformed, still corpse that partisan history presents as "Bloody Mary," a sort of witch on a broom used to frighten naughty little Protestants, to bring to life the noble creature that Queen Mary really is. And he impatiently sweeps aside the melodramatic clap-trap of the struggle of Church and liberalism. He shows that in the eyes of the Faith liberal ideals are as beautiful as most worldly ideas: in fact, the ideal of liberty has the sane proportions, the classical grace, and the calm repose of a Venus de Milo when seen beside its vixenish contemporaries, Communism and Naziism. But the flesh is not spirit, and when these ideals are worshipped as idols with the religious fervor that is safely deposited in disciplined religion alone, liberty becomes license and nationalism becomes the constant economic and sporadic military warfare that hampers and threatens all civilization.

No longer does the intelligent student cheer when he reads of the dissipation of medieval religious fervor by the cold, scientific analysis of modern knowledge; for he has been told by Belloc that the eternal unquenchable religious instincts of mankind have not been destroyed. They have been merely released from control to wreck chaotic ruin on the world. No longer do the flags wave when the intense nationalism of Europe causes Frederick to lead his galloping hosts into Germany; for horror chills us as Belloc explains that the dissipated religious instincts of mankind, as intangible but as real as electric currents, are being collected once more and shunted into the most dangerous impulse that throbs in man, aggressive nationalism. No longer do intelligent eyebrows uplift superciliously as the slow, comparatively uneventful centuries of the Middle Ages are reviewed; for Belloc in a sparkling paradox is teaching us that their uneventfulness is but an index of the multitude of worthwhile events occurring in their freedom from war and social upheaval. No longer is the microscope an object of veneration and the Sacred Heart statue an object of scorn. No longer is the giant telescope to be viewed with a religious hush of awe and the Sistine Chapel with chattering Cook's-tourist observations. No longer will the flag call for an exaggerated stance of attention and the Cross for a superior smile of understanding. No longer will the religious instinct be turned into the channels of nationalism and modernism, to the destruction of mankind. And, above all, no longer will mankind which is about to be destroyed, like the Roman gladiators, salute the modern forces of "enlightenment" which are about to destroy it.

# THEY MUST NOT GET AWAY WITH IT

Press correspondents see only red

FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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AMONG the abnormalities of the human dietary, none is more curious than that of eating dirt. Strangely enough, there have always existed certain groups of human beings whose vitiated appetites call for such fare. The Greeks had a name for it, *kissa*. The Latins termed it *pica*. In our own country we have even today the clay eaters of the south, who despite the efforts of humanitarians to cure them, persist in their pernicious habit.

In addition to our southern literal clay eaters we have a large and well distributed body of Americans who eat dirt figuratively because they are forced by circumstances to do so. They constitute the largest single religious group in our country and are commonly known as Catholics.

The quantity of this dietary dirt that is forced upon the American body of Catholics varies with the events of the world. Being representatives of authentic Christianity, their connections are worldwide; every foreign country has its quota of Catholics. The chief source of the abnormal dietary supply for our own Catholics is from the daily press and at the moment its factories are running full time, and at high speed, turning out stories about the civil war in Spain.

The very best available journalistic talent is engaged in this exciting work. It is from these news stories that an American public, which prides itself on being intelligent and informed, gains its opinions both of American Catholics and of their Spanish patriotic brothers and those who fight for life and Christian civilization beside them. All of this Spanish group are played up in glaring newspaper headlines as savage *Rebels*. Their enemies, the Spanish Communists who burn churches, slaughter priests, ravish nuns, execute all they suspect—these worshipful patriots appear as suffering *Loyalists*.

Nor is it our cheap and yellow journals who do this. In the *New York Times*, Mr. Walter Duranty, seasoned dealer in measured words, hands his bouquets to the Communist government and properly, gently, vilifies the "rebel" cause. And in the *Chicago Tribune*, Mr. Jay Allen, administers skillfully, moderate doses of sympathy for the "staunch Loyalists" with whom mass murders and the mass tortures of pure women are a daily pastime.

A third journalistic pundit is Mr. Ludwig Lore,

who, writing recently in the *New York Post* (shades of Larry Godkin and William Cullen Bryant) seems gifted with an even more fervent Communistic imagination than Duranty or Allen. Ludwig informs readers of the once respectable *Post* that Señor Gil Robles is a Jesuit and that, *mirabile dictu*, a Spanish bishop offers a forty day, *plenary* indulgence for every Republican killed by a rebel. Just why his Excellency limited so great a gift to forty days Mr. Ludwig Lore does not explain. A fourth active cablespondent, Leland Stowe, pontificates in the *Herald-Tribune*. He bears an honored American surname. His early education began in the little red schoolhouse. Apparently it ended there. Mr. Stowe draws a respectable wage for revealing to *Herald-Tribune* readers, a very select circle, that the Catholic Church in Spain is feudal, is "medieval," is unbelievably wealthy, and the fomenter of rebellion against the "rising forces of Democracy." He should have defined his "Democracy"—the Democracy of mass murder, class hatred, unbridled lust, and the creed of the assassin and the maker of bombs. But let that pass.

Do not, Mr. and Mrs. Catholic, suppose for a moment that our newspaper readers do not believe this stuff. They do—from university professors to sweatshop workers. They eat it up. And consider: all this stuff is not told under Ku Klux Klan robes in the backwoods of Carolina after dark, but dished up in our greatest metropolis by leading newspapers for people who can read and write.

It is said by medical men that the habit of *pica*, or literal dirt-eating, must begin early in life. I fancy that it is in much the same fashion the habit of mental dirt-eating is acquired. Constantly calumniated as they are, their dearest ideals of Christian conduct continually held up to ridicule, the inferiority complex of the great body of American Catholics is perhaps not so difficult to comprehend.

When one considers their numbers, their substantial part in American material affairs, their intelligent laity, their able priesthood, their thriving religious communities and their excellent hierarchy, one wonders why they don't attempt to lift up their heads and establish the only possible escape from their present-day miserable plight—a Catholic daily press of their own.



# STATE AID FOR CHILDREN AT SCHOOL

But Catholic children are step-children!

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

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EVEN the mighty Homer nods. Hence on taking up Carl Zollmann's excellent *American Church Law* (1933) some days ago I was disappointed but not surprised to observe that the learned Marquette University professor included no discussion of *Cochran vs. Board of Education*, reported in 281 U. S. at page 370. An analysis of this case can be found in *AMERICA* for May 17, 1930, and I have frequently referred to it in these pages. But since, after almost every reference, some interested correspondent will ask the date of the case and the principle involved, it would seem to be time to repeat what I wrote six years ago.

The case began in the State of Louisiana and ended in the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1922, the Louisiana legislature by Act. No. 140 created a severance tax fund to be applied to the purchase of textbooks for school children. This Act was followed in 1928 by two other Acts, No. 100 and No. 128. No. 100 provided that the severance fund, after allowing stated appropriations, as required by the Constitution, should be devoted "first to supplying school books to the children of the State." The Board of Education was directed to provide "school books for school children, free of cost to such children," and Act. No. 128 made appropriations in accordance with these provisions. The Acts went into effect, and one result, it would appear, was that the pupils of private schools shared in the benefits of the school-book fund. With an unusual perversity, the authorities held that a school child was a school child, whether he went to a public school or to some school not maintained by public funds.

This interpretation did not suit the purists and precisionists, and before long suit was brought in the Louisiana Courts to restrain the Board of Education. The protestors claimed that the lending of books to private-school pupils was in violation of the State Constitution which provides that "no public funds shall be used for the support of any private sectarian school." They further asserted, invoking the perfectly proper principle that the State may not levy a tax indirectly which it is forbidden to levy directly, that to give books to the pupils in private schools "is essentially, and as a practical matter, an aid to such private institutions, by fur-

nishing part of the equipment of such private schools; if not directly, at least indirectly." This was a strong position.

But the State met the issue squarely on the broad grounds of sound public policy. The free textbook program had been inaugurated for a public, not for a private purpose, "the promotion of the education of the children of the State, without distinction as to race, color, creed, sect, or denomination." For it was plain that "the public has a common and equal benefit flowing from the use of free textbooks and, *quoad* their use, the public authorities have control, whether the books be used by the pupils of the public or the private schools." But the State went even beyond this contention. Through its Attorney General it argued that had the benefits of the Acts been restricted to the pupils of a particular group of schools, "for example, only those who attended the public schools, they might have been violative of the equality and uniformity clauses of the Constitution of the State, and of the United States."

This was boldly carrying the war into the enemy's country. With keen logic, the Attorney General argued that the pupils in schools which subserve a public purpose should not be excluded from the benefits of a fund established by the legislature to promote education, merely because these schools were not part of the public-school system. Whether or not the Attorney General would shrink from the next step, I do not know. But certainly, if the private schools benefit the State by promoting education, there is no reason why the State should not aid their pupils, not merely by lending them textbooks but by lending them houses, properly equipped, and suitably trained teachers; and by allowing them full participation in all public funds appropriated for school meals, medical service, and buses.

There is here a question of more or less, but no difference in principle. A child of school age remains a child, whether he attends a public or a private school, with all the rights and needs of a child. To exclude him from participation in such funds is rankly discriminatory and, in the words of the Attorney General for Louisiana, "violative of the equality and uniformity clauses of the Constitution of the State, and of the United States."

However this may be, the Supreme Court of Louisiana declined to enjoin the Board of Education from supplying all the children, without restriction, with school books. The Court held that there was no appropriation of public funds for private purposes, forbidden by the Constitution. The appropriation was for the purpose of purchasing school books for the use of school children. The fact that some of these children did not attend the public school was irrelevant. The private schools which they attended "are not the beneficiaries of these appropriations. . . . The school children and the State alone are the beneficiaries." It was not the purpose of the State, however, to furnish textbooks on religion and, in fact, none had been furnished. "What the statutes contemplate is that the same books that are furnished children attending public schools shall be furnished children attending private schools. . . . Among these books, naturally, none is to be expected adapted to religious instruction." Probably the Court did not mean to tinge that last sentence with opinion but, often, plain statement of fact is the saddest and most bitter commentary. Naturally (and may an all-merciful God protect us) in the public schools we look for no religion.

Appeal was then taken to the Supreme Court of the United States under Section 4 of Article IV of the Federal Constitution, which provides that Congress shall guarantee every State a republican form of government, and under the Fourteenth Amendment, on the ground that the State Acts enforced the taking of public property for a private purpose. Both claims, but particularly the first, might have seemed extreme; however, the Supreme Court agreed to review the case.

On April 28, 1930, the case of *Cochran vs. Board of Education* was decided, and by unanimous vote the Supreme Court of the United States upheld the right of the State of Louisiana to provide all children of school age with free textbooks. In my judgment, this opinion yields, in importance to our schools, only to the famous decision of the Supreme Court in the Oregon school-law case.

In the Oregon case (June 1, 1925) the Court held unanimously that since the right of a parent to choose a school for his child is a "natural" right, protected by the Federal Constitution, no State may compel any parent to send his child to the public school. In *Cochran vs. Board of Education*, the Court, again unanimously, held that a child in a private school could not be excluded from the benefits of an Act providing for the welfare of all children of school age. Incidentally, I hope I shall not be accused of partisanship when I commend these decisions to those who look upon the Supreme Court as the destroyer of our liberties, a clog on true progress.

The opinion in the Louisiana case was read by Chief Justice Hughes. No substantial Federal question was involved under Section 4, Article IV, he held. Questions arising under this Section are not judicial, but political. In other words, should Louisiana wish to provide all schoolchildren with textbooks, it could not be stopped by the Federal

Constitution on the ground that this act destroyed the republican form of government in the State.

In rejecting the contention that an issue arose under the Fourteenth Amendment, the Court cited with approval the decision of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, which stated the purpose of the Acts.

One may scan the Acts in vain to ascertain where any money is appropriated for the purchase of school books for the use of any church, private, sectarian, or even public school. *The appropriations were made for the specific purpose of purchasing school books for the use of the school children of the State, free of cost to them. It was for their benefit and for the resulting benefit to the State that the appropriations were made.* True, these children attend some school, public or private, the latter sectarian or non-sectarian, and the books are to be furnished them for their use, free of cost, whichever they attend. *The schools, however, are not the beneficiaries of these appropriations. They obtain nothing from them, nor are they relieved of a single obligation because of them. The school children and the State alone are the beneficiaries.* . . . What the statutes contemplate is that the same books that are furnished children attending public schools shall be furnished children attending private schools. This is the only practical way of interpreting and executing the statutes, and this is what the State Board of Education is doing. (Italics inserted.)

Chief Justice Hughes then affirmed the Louisiana judgment, and added a commentary which has a tremendous bearing on the question of State aid for children in private schools.

Viewing the statute as having the effect thus attributed to it, we cannot doubt that *the taxing power of the State is exerted for a public purpose.* The legislation does not segregate private schools or their pupils as its beneficiaries, or attempt to interfere with any matters of exclusively private concern. *Its interest is education broadly; its methods comprehensive.* Individual interests are aided only as the common interest is safeguarded. (Italics inserted.)

This decision affirms the right of the States to use wide discretion in aiding children in private schools. To what extent this aid should go, and indeed whether it should be accepted by our Catholic schools, is a matter on which there is no unanimous Catholic opinion. State aid can mean State interference, and State interference easily slips into State domination. However, our schools are already under State supervision, and while that degree of control is not, as a rule, a grievous burden and is, in some respects, a valuable stimulus, all our vigilance is needed to fend off State monopoly in education. Yet, since the State actually does exercise a control over our schools that is felt, I should say, speaking for myself only, that there is good reason why we should ask the State to aid our school children.

Further, our schools are part "of education, broadly." In caring for millions of children, free of charge to the State, they make these children and the State itself beneficiaries. No citizen who can lift himself above sectarian hatred, and no educator who has freed himself from the effects of theories imported from the philosophical purloins of Europe, can deny either of these propositions. In sheer justice, then, there is an obligation on the community to acknowledge in a substantial manner its duty to the children in our Catholic school.



# WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

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## TIME WE ALL LEARN TO MEDITATE

CORRESPONDENCE written without a view to publication will sometimes reveal more than the carefully prepared narratives of professional journalists. The following lines written on October 17 from San Remo, Italy, to the Pilgrim by an American lady whose present home is near the Spanish border in France, seem to me to throw quite a little light on the present terrible events.

"The summer was horrible on the Basque coast, not only because of the battles heard constantly for over two months and the agony of heart we went through fearing defeat to the Insurgents, but from added horror of seeing how the French authorities gave all help to the enemy, to the detriment of their own French people.

"During the ten days' battle for Irun (barely seven miles distant from our Villa) all night long four trains per hour filled with arms and ammunition for the Irun Reds, would roll through French territory and cross the International Bridge to supply them. As our home is high up over the railroad gorge, I heard them all night, though for four years past there had hardly been three freight trains per week, and none at night.

"Everyone knew of it and spoke of it, and yet so terrorized were the people and press, that only one or two papers mentioned it, and no one protested.

"Martyrs fell under the enemy fire, like those forty Claretian Fathers and Brothers of Barbastro, the old Spanish Crusader town, who went so joyfully to their death that a Communist boy running in the crowd beside them was suddenly converted and joined them, proclaiming his faith in Christ the King and was martyred with them. . . ."

The Pilgrim once heard the story of a pious old Austrian lay Brother who lived during the time of the Paris Commune. When they told him of the horrors committed by the Reds of the Commune, how priests and Sisters were slain, how the Archbishop of Paris was put to death, the good Brother was rightly horrified. He raised his hands to Heaven and was speechless. Finally, after reflection he uttered the most damning statement that his charitable mind could concoct: "I doubt if those people really make their morning meditation!"

Certainly it is true that if people really *did* make their morning meditation from youth up they would not be slaying Archbishops in their mature years. How to start this salutary practice? There is another lady who lives in France, not an American but a native, who has a very practical idea. Why not begin with the quite little children and teach them a simple form of mental prayer? If Miss Ella Frances Lynch can teach Latin to six-year olds

and make them love it, why cannot they learn a bit of mental prayer as well?

About the age of ten, says Madame Serre-Balleyguier, children begin to want something more than their morning and evening prayers. So she has compiled a little book of short readings, not more than twenty-five to thirty lines, called *Petites Méditations* ("Little Meditations") published by Casterman, rue Bonaparte, 66, Paris (VI). Fr. 2.50. They simply recount the mysteries of the Gospel and each reading is followed by a very short resolution and prayer. She is preparing a similar series for children of twelve to fifteen years and one for older boys.

The directions are simple. 'Make your meditation in the morning. Take five minutes whenever you can, say right after your prayers. If possible close the door of your room and remain alone with the good Lord.

"You kneel down before a Crucifix and make the sign of the Cross, saying a short prayer like this for instance:

" 'Holy Spirit, I adore you and wish to love you. Help me to make a good meditation.'

"Then you take the book, choose the subject that you are going to think about and talk to the good Lord. Then you make the resolution which your meditation suggests, and you thank our Saviour.

"What do you do when your meditation is over? You try during the day not to forget entirely the resolution that you took. While you are at play, or attending to your duties you can still say a word of thanks to Our Lord: "My God, I love you, help me to be a true Christian."

The readings tell the Scripture story briefly and plainly, no fluff. Then the "colloquy." Thus for the Finding in the Temple:

Come near to Mary and Joseph and say to them [for French children are polite]: "If you will permit me I will help you look for Jesus."

"Thanks, child," they will say, "but we do not know where to go and find Him."

Answer: "Perhaps it will take a long time to find Him, but I hope that when you look for Him in Jerusalem we shall see Him there."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because He prays so well that He has probably stayed close to His Heavenly Father in the Temple."

*Resolution.*—With St. Joseph and Our Lady I will look for the Child Jesus, because often He hides Himself so as to teach us to take more trouble in looking for Him.

*Prayer.*—My God, I thank you for showing me that I have to look for you while praying. Help me to pray well.

This is not apocalyptic, to be sure. But it is to the point. And if all Christians learned to practise their religion through mental prayer not only would they not hate others but they would be much less likely to be hated themselves. THE PILGRIM.

## MEXICO

PRESIDENTIAL campaigns are times when rumors burgeon mightily. We have grown accustomed to them, to the campaigns and the rumors alike, and to the latter most of us pay little attention. But as rumors thrive during these periods, the news of what is actually happening may be suppressed. There may be no malice in this, no lack of what is called a "nose for news." Usually the news will be suppressed, or put in a few lines in an obscure place, because printed rumors cater to the curiosity of the public. But now and then the suppression appears to be deliberate.

We refer to rumors here, because during the campaign of 1936, we had a plethora of them about the relations of the United States to Mexico. Few of these irresponsible tales found their way into the press, widely as they were circulated by word of mouth in various parts of the country. At the same time, there was hardly a line in any of the metropolitan newspapers about what has been actually happening in Mexico. As far as our journals were aware, all was peace and serenity south of the Rio Grande. They did not know, or if they knew they did not share their knowledge, that men and women are still being jailed and shot in Mexico in the name of liberty and progress, and that in some of the States, the persecution is, if less bloody, more diabolically anti-Christian than at any time in the last ten years.

Rumor without an identifying name, rumor for which, apparently, no one would take the responsibility, informed us during the campaign that the President was about to review our relations with Mexico. He had a plan which would at once dissociate the United States from the anti-Christian radicals who have made Mexico a shambles, and this plan might even aid liberty-loving Mexicans to make their influence felt in Mexico. But no public notice was to be given this rumor, and nothing was to appear in the press. Once the elections were over, the President would act, quietly but effectively.

Whether or not one word of all this whirling rumor bore any relation to the truth, we do not know. We merely know that the rumor was widespread. Perhaps some of it was the product of wishful thinking by Catholics. Possibly some of it was political propaganda. These stories are now unimportant, as stale as last month's calendar. But what we wish to know, now that the President is sure of another four-year period as Chief Executive, is this: what will be done about Mexico?

Catholics in the United States have no favors to ask from the Government. But they do ask to be heard, and they believe that their petitions are entitled to consideration. There have been times in the last decade when they were denied a hearing, and there has never been a time when their petitions have been given a consideration which issued in action.

What have we to hope from the Administration beginning January? Is patronage of Mexican radicalism to be this Government's settled policy?

## EDITORIAL

### HIGH POINTS IN THE SPAIN

UNDERSTANDING of the warfare in Spain must include a remembrance of the social injustice and religious neglect during the Monarchy. It must also take into account the partial failure of the Moderates in the successive Republican Governments to adjust the claims of the hostile political and economic factions. But judgments on the present situation must be dated from the February elections. Minority groups then combined to form the Government. The more radical of these Leftist groups grasped control, so that now the so-called Government functioning at Valencia has no mandate from the February elections. General Franco, likewise,

### THE PRESSING LOAD

WHILE business conditions are better than four years ago, the unemployment problem is still urgent and ominous. There are now 21,000,000 men, women, and children in the United States dependent on relief, with the prospect of an additional half a million victims of the drought. Public governmental relief on a large scale, especially Federal, presented a new problem in this country. Till 1929, private agencies were caring for the needy in large cities and had conditions been normal they would have continued doing so. However, soon cities, States and, finally, the Federal Government had to assume the responsibility. A long succession of relief agencies from the CWA to the WPA followed gravitating between direct and work relief. The novelty of the situation is partial explanation of the uncertainty and lack of a consistent policy in our meeting the problem and President Roosevelt attempted to substitute action for words in the critical days.

Things had to be done hurriedly then and much of the relief legislation and allotment of relief funds did not escape the general confusion. Hence it is just as well to hear that Congressional action on future WPA appropriations will not be taken immediately upon the assembling of Congress. If some of the confusion, inconsistencies and overlapping can be removed meanwhile, the postponement is well advised. But let not the delay be too lengthy.

One thing seems certain, that the government, Federal and State, intends gradually to



## THE SPANISH SITUATION

has been given no mandate to govern, save that of military conquest. The Spanish people have no choice in their masters. The *de facto* and the *de jure* government will be decided by force, not by democratic methods. Both the Nationalists and the Communists have been guilty of atrocities, but those of the Communists have been more inhuman. Crimes against which we may cry in horror will be perpetrated by both Right and Left. But less blood will be shed by Right than by Left. More equitable justice will be dispensed by Franco than by Caballero. The soul of Spain will be preserved by the Nationalists, not by Syndicalists and Communists.

## LOAD OF RELIEF

ease off a large share of the burden on the shoulders of private relief. Governor Lehman was sounding a warning note when he stated at a charity dinner given by the Federation of Jewish philanthropists that nothing is more unsound or dangerous than the popular belief that it is the function of government to shoulder the major part of philanthropic and communal activities. Administrator Hopkins has kept us in the dark about the course of current expenses and about the graph of the number of families on government relief. The report of the State Charities Aid Association of New York State is therefore welcome. Homer Folks traces the course of relief expenses, month by month, from August of last year to August of this year, inclusive. Total relief costs in the State for these thirteen months averaged more than \$1,024,617 a day. The total cost of home relief, WPA wages and miscellaneous work relief in the State exceeded \$400,846,945 in the thirteen months covered by the report.

The most significant trend in total relief costs is the rise from the summer of last year to the past spring, to be followed by a slight decline up to September. In August last year the State spent for relief, inclusive of administration and material costs, \$23,000,000. In the same month this year the outlay exceeded \$29,467,600. These figures show the existence of a grave situation. Employment for the major part of those now supported by the government is the only solution to this perplexing problem.

## HOPES FOR BUENOS AIRES

QUITE different auspices of time and circumstances surround Secretary of State Hull as he sails for Buenos Aires to the Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace from those which clouded his trip to Montevideo for the seventh Pan-American Conference in 1933. Then President Roosevelt had made the chilly announcement that economic questions were taboo for the United States during the sessions. Mr. Hull went to face a gathering bloc of opposition headed by Argentina. Fear of United States intervention still haunted the Latin-American world. However, Mr. Hull's persuasive arguments dispelled the growing opposition and captured Argentina's signature for the Kellogg Pact. Alarm over intervention was calmed by his memorable pronouncement on that topic. Soon after the sessions began, the injunction against economic discussion was withdrawn, and a program of economic, commercial, and tariff cooperation was proposed.

Today intervention is no longer before the Conference as a principal issue. So far is the President from casting a blight over the proceedings that he has quasi-promised to sail down and appear at Buenos Aires to open the proceedings in person. After interminable peace efforts the fratricidal Chaco war was quelled. The Hull doctrine of reciprocal trade agreements was exemplified in the existing treaty with Cuba. For the moment there are no specially acute economic conflicts on the table. World-wide droughts have withered up the world wheat surplus, and the currency situation has benefited by recent stabilization.

What is more, the American delegation sails as the representative of an Administration in a vastly stronger position today to redeem promises it may make to foreign nations than it was in 1933.

But for all this, Mr. Hull's parting wishes reflect new anxieties. Can an extended Monroe Doctrine, desired, so it is said by the Latin-American nations for the sake of collective security, be reconciled with the United States policy recently embodied in the Neutrality Act? After all, as is implied in some of Mr. Hull's reservations, we are much closer by communications, by interests, and even by distance to some European countries than we are to large areas of Latin America. The League's torments over Manchukuo and Ethiopia, the Red and Fascist contentions in Spain, have sharpened the fear of aggression on the part of the weak, while they have struck panic into the mighty at the thought of risks incurred in coming to the weak nations' rescue.

In view of Mr. Hull's fervent prayer for good will and confidence as indispensable to the success of the coming deliberations may we not suggest that the dilemma's solution lies first and foremost in a spiritual Monroe Doctrine? As long as the doors of any part of Latin-America are flung wide open to the irreligious forces imported from the Old World, drawing after them the Old World's reactions and conflicts to Right and Left, just so long will it be impossible for Latin America to fulfil

that high task the vast majority of its Governments and peoples do ardently desire: so to unite with one another and so to collaborate with their powerful neighbor of the North as to serve as an example of peace to the rest of the world.

No more important, said Mr. Hull in his parting statement, were the resolutions and acts of the Montevideo Conference than was the spirit that animated them. "Without sincerity, trust, and desire to cooperate pacts and resolutions may all too readily be forgotten." The forces that today are fundamentally blocking such mutual trust are not engendered by the New World but by the Old. They are foreign to the Americas' historical tradition.

Catholics of the United States will pray with their fellow-Catholics of all the Southern lands that God will effect a triumph of our common spiritual ideals in international as in domestic life, so that the hopes of this great Conference may be fulfilled.

## APOSTLE OF PEACE

THE church in this country lost a noble priest, the State of Pennsylvania one of its most public-spirited citizens when Msgr. John J. Curran died on November 8 at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Those of our readers whose memories go back to the turn of the century will recall that in 1902 Father Curran became nationally known as the man chiefly responsible for settling the bitter war between the anthracite miners and operators brought about by the struggle of the unions for recognition. By his bold, outspoken demands for simple justice at that time, by his tireless efforts, and his refusal to be dismayed at rebuffs, he won the admiration and friendship of the first Roosevelt and of John Mitchell, greatest of American labor leaders. But long before that achievement and for three decades following it Father Curran was active and highly successful as the country's most famed mediator.

He became known as the apostle of peace. It would be a mistake, however, to think of him as a genial compromiser, a clerical back slapper, a wheedler with a pleasant gift for persuading bitter opponents to shake hands and forget. Father Curran was about as genial and chatty as John the Baptist.

True, he had the respect and even the affection of the powerful and wealthy men with whom he dealt, for he believed in a square deal for employers as well as for workers. But his interests lay with the men. A realist, he advocated practical means of improving the workers' lot. On hundreds of occasions during the past half century he preached the need of unions and labor organization.

Just two years ago, in a letter to his people he wrote: "Let us come to the rescue of the crushed and doomed people of the world, whether they be freemen or slaves, pagans or infidels, Catholics or Protestants, Jews or Gentiles."

That sentence offers the key to Msgr. Curran's character and shows his high concept of duty as a priest. May the great-souled man rest in peace.

## THE CROSS OF CHRIST

TOMORROW will be the last day of the ecclesiastical year, for the Church year begins with the season of Advent, time of preparation for the joyful feast of Christmas. Throughout the year she has taught us many salutary lessons, and so as it draws to a close, she takes occasion to remind us of the last day of the world's existence and of the events that follow.

It is not a pleasant thought, but for robust Christians it is a profitable thought. We are told by the Venerable Bede that St. Chad would throw himself upon the ground and beg God's mercy whenever he heard the thunders roll, for they reminded him of that day when all the world shall be destroyed. But there are not many Christians like St. Chad. To many of his spiritual descendants the roll of the thunder is only a reminder that the insurance against lightning is about to expire, or that tomorrow the weather will be cooler.

As Father Toomey wrote in these pages some weeks ago, the exact time of the end of the world is almost a perennial subject of inquiry. Yet when the last page has been written, we are forced to acknowledge that we do not know. In the Gospel read at the Mass tomorrow, taken from the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew, Our Lord indicates certain signs that will precede the day, and tells us that after long days, perhaps years, dire tribulation in Church and State, "the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of heaven shall be moved." Immediately thereafter, the end will come with the appearance of "the sign of the Son of Man in heaven."

An excellent explanation of these preliminary occurrences is given in Father Toomey's article. We can, then, confine ourselves to some reflections on the great sign of the Son of Man which will mark His coming. Spiritual writers commonly see in this sign some visible representation of the Cross upon which He suffered when He died to save the world. It is possible that this sign may take the form which was seen by Constantine when the heavens were opened and he was bidden to take this new standard as at once the symbol and the guarantee of victory over his enemies. Surely it is fitting that the very sign which once betokened the ignominious death of the Son of God should be brought forward before all the peoples who have ever existed to show that He is Master of life and of death, that He comes on the final day as the Supreme Judge over all mankind.

We are first signed with the saving Cross in holy Baptism. Throughout our lives, we begin and end our petitions to God with that holy sign. What is signed upon our bodies must be signed in our souls by our voluntary crucifixion with Christ. On the last great day, Cross will know cross, and we who have willingly borne sufferings with Christ Crucified need not fear. For we who have been crucified will stand before Jesus Christ Crucified with our pardon, signed by His Precious Blood, in our once sin-stained hands.



# CHRONICLE

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**NEW DEAL PLANS.** An ovation awaited President Roosevelt on his first entry into Washington after his election. On leaving Hyde Park he remarked that "he was going back to Washington to try to balance the budget, thereby carrying out the first of the campaign pledges." In a press conference on November 10 he indicated that "the size of the budget, governmental reorganization, taxation and agricultural policies" were still in the study stage. Further studies were declared under way in regard to achieving the results sought previously in the National Industrial Recovery Act through new legislation. The President left on November 17 for a fishing-trip to the Caribbean; he expected to attend the opening of the Peace Conference in Buenos Aires on December 1....The Democrats hold a larger majority in the Senate than any party since 1869, and in the House a larger representation than any party since 1855....The machinery for the Social Security Act was put in motion. Regulations covering the requirements of employers and employees were distributed. Employers withhold the tax at the time the wages are paid; the tax is based on the amount of wages the employee receives. The employers' tax is measured by the total amount of wages he pays all his employees. Pensions will be paid those over sixty-five, beginning January 1.

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**LABOR RELATIONS.** The steel industry announced wage increases, effective November 16. The number of workers affected will reach 600,000, and the extra amount to be paid will approximate \$75,000,000 per year. The minimum increase will be ten per cent; this would be revised upward or downward as the cost of living changes. Representatives of employees in some unions and localities accepted the increase unconditionally; other groups held out for further negotiations. Increased dividends were ordered for 300,000 stockholders in twenty-four steel companies. About \$20,000,000 per year increase in wages, and \$10,000,000 in a Christmas bonus was voted to employees of the General Motors Corporation. Other large automobile companies were expected to follow the lead, so that more than 450,000 employees will be affected....All efforts to bring the representatives of the unions and of the ship-owners in San Francisco to negotiate about the strike which began on October 29 have failed, to date. The unions, however, relented enough to cooperate in bringing homeward-bound passengers back to American ports, and in unloading perishables. The Federal Maritime Commission made its third attempt to hold a fact-finding investigation. The so-called "outlaw" strike led by Joseph Curran in the East tied up 227 ships and rendered idle 16,694 men in Atlantic and Gulf ports. Shipping was practically paralyzed.

**EDEN SPEAKS OUT.** British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, Europe's best-dressed diplomat, rose in Parliament, made important announcements.... We still look upon the League of Nations as the best method of keeping peace. The authority of the League must be strengthened.... We wish negotiations for a new European settlement but cannot sanction the apparent German desire to isolate Russia, keep her out of this settlement.... For us the Mediterranean is not a short-cut; it is a main arterial road. We welcome Mussolini's assurance that Italy will do nothing to threaten this route or to interrupt it.... Germany blames us for her economic difficulties. That is a doctrine we cannot accept.... Sir Samuel Hoare, First Lord of the Admiralty, surprised the House of Commons. He said Great Britain has no commitments as she had in 1914 compelling her to send troops to the Continent in the event of another war.... Balloons high over London with nets stretched between them are part of the new air defense plans.

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**MADRID RINGED.** The thunder of heavy artillery, crackling of machine-guns, detonations of bursting bombs reverberated through Madrid.... The Leftist Government fled to Valencia, telling the defenders left behind to continue their fight.... "By leaving Madrid, the Government sacrificed everything for efficiency," Ministers explained.... Plans for a great city-wide festival to celebrate the anniversary of the Russian revolution were called off, upset by the noisy Franco army nearing the city gates.... Columns of raw recruits marched through the streets to the firing lines girdling the city.... Throngs of Russians and Frenchmen and a sprinkling of other nationalities formed the International Volunteers to battle for the Hammer and Sickle.... Catalan reinforcements poured into Madrid.... The Insurgent center pounded at the bridges spanning the shallow Manzanares River; the left wing swung to the northwest, tried to cross the river; the right wing swung eastward south of the city, drove for the Valencia road, the last remaining connection with the sea.... Flames spreading through the city; Communist gangs renewing their nightly butchering of suspected Insurgent sympathizers, added to the terrors of Madrid's million inhabitants.

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**PUTSCH ANNIVERSARY.** On November 9, 1923, Corporal Adolf Hitler fired two shots into a beer-hall ceiling in Munich, shouted: "The national revolution has started," led his young Nazis out into the streets to overthrow the Bavarian Government. Reichwehr troops poured a volley into the band, killed sixteen of them.... Those sixteen are now heroes. Each year elaborate ceremonies commem-

orate them....This year, Hitler, looking around the same beer-hall exclaimed: "The beer-hall looks cramped tonight...thirteen years ago it was far too big. The odds then also were heavily against me. About 99 to 1 in favor of my opponents....From 1919 to 1923 I was consumed with a burning desire to stage a coup d'etat."...A new loan of 500,000,000 marks was announced....Germany is building aircraft carriers....Cardinal Michael Faulhaber held a conference with Chancellor Hitler.

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**FRANCE IN THE AIR.** Plans for French air infantry destined to descend in parachutes behind enemy lines were announced by the Ministry....Premier Blum continued forcing out of public office those who did not see eye to eye with him....After ousting Pierre Guimer, director of the Havas News Agency—a move said to involve the freedom of the press—he forced the resignation of François Latour, official of the 1937 Paris Exposition because the latter sent a sympathetic message to Charles Maurras, Royalist leader, now in prison charged with inciting to violence against M. Blum....Charles des Isnards, a Deputy, resigned from the Exposition Council, saying: "Since henceforth the exercise of public office is incompatible with freedom of opinion I have the honor to hand you my resignation."...Thousands of striking employes occupied the Panshard automobile works....A Paris sugar refinery; ten coalyards at Roubaix and Tourcoing witnessed stay-in strikes, while 5,110 strikers occupied their places of work in the Paris region alone....Premier Blum's promise to the Radical Socialists he would move against stay-in strikes was still unkept. Premier Blum again expressed his deep sympathy with the Spanish Reds, but said the only chance of changing the French non-intervention policy was in the event Britain agreed....A delegation from Catalonia approached the French Government urging recognition of an independent Catalan State.

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**TRI-POWER CONFERENCE.** Italian Foreign Minister Galeazzo Ciano arrived in Vienna for the conference of the three nations allied economically under the 1934 Rome protocols—Italy, Hungary, Austria....Austrian Chancellor Schuschnigg, Hungarian Foreign Minister Koloman de Kanya, and Count Ciano, with their delegations, attended Mass, then sat down to confer on important Continental political problems....At a banquet concluding the first day's meeting, Austria and Hungary informally recognized Italy's conquest of Ethiopia....Chancellor Schuschnigg speaking at the banquet said: "I wish His Excellency the Italian Foreign Minister to convey the best wishes of this conference to His Majesty, the King of Italy and the Emperor of Ethiopia."...The Hungarian Minister announced Regent Horthy on his forthcoming visit to Rome will convey Hungarian recognition.

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**STALIN SEEN.** Joseph Stalin strode into Moscow's Bolshoi Theater for his first public appearance since

July 6. Though much grayer than he was last July, Stalin appeared in good health. (Whispers had circulated over Europe he was dying or dead)....Moscow was celebrating the anniversary of the Revolution....In the former royal box sat a delegation of Spanish Reds....The Communist International issued an appeal to world proletarians to rally around Madrid with realistic aid. "Long live the Soviet Government in the whole world," the appeal concluded....A children's chorus, trained for weeks, got up, sang: "Thank you, Comrade Stalin, for a Happy Childhood."...Outside stood a statue of Stalin, forty feet high, smothered in red flags....An agreement continuing for eight years Japan's right to fish in Soviet waters off Eastern Siberia was concluded....The Order of Lenin, Sovietdom's highest decoration, was pinned on Foreign Commissar Litvinov, apparently disproving widely circulated stories he had fallen into disfavor....Atop Lenin's tomb, Stalin reviewed the Red army.

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**IRON GUARD THREATENS.** King Carol of Rumania was informed by the Iron Guard, which assassinated former Premier Ion Duca, that they will shoot him too, if he tries to drag Rumania into any war fought for the Little Entente...."Rumanian youths," declared Corneliu Zelea Codreanu, Iron Guard chief, "are against the Little Entente. They will fight for the Cross and for nationalist ideals against Communism."

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**FOOTNOTES.** Seven nations, France, Great Britain, Russia, Bulgaria, Greece, Germany and Yugoslavia recognized Turkey's right to remilitarize the Dardanelles....Great Britain, United States, Japan, France and Italy signed a protocol establishing rules for submarines. It provides for the safety of all on merchant ships before sinkings. Other countries were expected to sign later....The German Government gave assurance it will not interfere in the dispute between the Danzig Senate and Poland, Colonel Josef Beck, Polish Foreign Minister, announced in London....General Edward Rydz-Smigly, virtual dictator of Poland, received the silver marshal's baton from President Ignaz Moscicki, as the "most worthy heir of Pilsudski's traditions." The new dictator, Rydz-Smigly, is fifty years old. Like Hitler he was a painter in his youth. He gave up the painter's brush for a saber, became Pilsudski's most trusted lieutenant....Mgr. Guillermo Trichtler y Cordoba was appointed Archbishop of Mexico City, succeeding the late Archbishop Pascual Diaz....A commercial accord restoring economic relations broken by the anti-Italian sanctions was signed by Italy and Great Britain....Vladimir Matchek, leader of the Croats in Yugoslavia, denounced the Constitution set up by former King Alexander in an interview with Prince Paul, Chief Regent....To reporters approaching him for news of the conference, he said: "Can you keep a secret?" The reporters said they could. "So can I," replied Matchek.



# CORRESPONDENCE

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## PALE CAST

EDITOR: *Elements of Epistemology*, by Dr. Baron contains the following statement:

It goes without saying that the mark of a critical mind is delay and suspense pending inquiry and investigation. This is the essence of critical thinking.

Perhaps that sums up the approved approach to speculative thought. However, it is ill-suited to such practical affairs as safe motoring and the efficient administration of, say, a District Attorney's office.

The wait and see policy explains the empty pamphlet racks of those parish churches so often discussed in your correspondence. Moreover, if the clergy are taught in seminary and university to "delay and suspend," they cannot be blamed for quibble-mongering instead of preaching and working for social justice.

Flushing, N. Y.

G. M. K.

## FOSTER FATHER

EDITOR: Ontario's chief contributions to the American press in recent years have had to do chiefly with vital statistics. The birth of the Dionne quintuplets and the so-called baby marathon or stork derby in Toronto induced by the provisions of the will of the late Charles Vance Millar have supplied abundant copy to United States journalists. Of these, the majority seem to be of the opinion that a legacy of one half million dollars to the most prolific mother of a decade in Toronto is a sordid, vulgar gesture. It would seem, on the other hand, that the obvious interpretation of the bequest is quite as reasonable, if not more so, than the thesis that Millar meant to perpetrate in his testament a joke of a coarse kind. By the obvious explanation, I mean simply that it is logical and human for a bachelor (whose career in the field of courtship is a closed book to these same reporters and columnists who would reduce the whole thing to the level of a prize-stock show) to encourage childbearing and thereby to compensate for his personal lack of family.

Of course, to advocates of birth-control and eugenics who seem to regard fertility as a vulgar blessing at best, it is consistent enough to speak of maternity championships and pregnancy epidemics in a flippant and irreverent tone, but Millar's intention was plainly to frustrate the frequent objection raised by eugenicists to the effect that only the poor breed rapidly and that their offspring are doomed by penury to a low level of life.

Instead of a posthumous jest of a macabre and barbaric type, Millar not only made a genuine contribution to society, to his community, and to the human race but it is undeniable that some at least

of the sixty or seventy children involved in the current litigation owe their very existence (even if they inherit none of his money) to the bequest of this benevolent bachelor.

Notre Dame, Ind.

DANIEL C. O'GRADY

## KEEP HOLY

EDITOR: We rightly have a sense of horror for the old Puritanic Sabbath. But is it not possible we have reacted against it so strongly as to have forgotten the duty of insisting upon a becoming observance of the Lord's Day?

Recently I came in contact with a young Catholic who was quite evidently in peril of drifting away from the Church. The chief cause of his danger consisted in the fact that the foundry which employed him had in recent months been so busy that the employees had been obliged to work on Sundays. When men are unable to hear Mass for weeks on end, their Faith tends to grow very weak, as I think experience will amply show.

In my opinion not Puritanism but simple Christian decency demands that factories and shops close on Sunday. Yet what keeps them closed is not legal enactment, which of itself is in such cases easily evadable, but public sentiment. Can it be said that Catholics are doing very much to keep that sentiment alive?

The amount of business which might be curtailed on Sunday without visible public inconvenience of a serious nature is great. Surely, a decent regard for the workingman's freedom of worship and spiritual welfare should incline us to view even necessary Sunday activities, other than those of a purely recreational character pursued in the afternoon, with severity rather than indulgence.

Pontiac, Mich.

JULIUS H. FRASCH

## TRAGIC

EDITOR: Some Catholics—yes, even some priests, have said the Mexican tragedy should be regarded as a minor issue in the campaign.

To condemn the Administration as a party to the grim tragedy has been regarded as bad taste, an attempt to mix politics with religion. Do you think the early Christians called the Apostles political meddlers when they assailed the unjust sentence of Christ by Pontius Pilate? Were there among the Faithful feelings of resentment when the Apostles insinuated a criticism of their rulers' policy: "If it be just . . . to hear you rather than God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard"?

Does not such an attitude bring with it a terrible and eternal responsibility difficult to explain satis-

factorily before the throne of God? Has not such an attitude even already been hailed as an approval of the good neighbor policy? Is one a fanatic to protest against the surrender of an entire people to the forces of irreligion and diabolic hate? But if spiritual values and human souls are the only thing worth while in all the world, please give me some convincing assurance that one of the saddest, most tragic, most heart-rending event in all history was not, is not, the apathy, the complacent indifference of American Catholics to Christ crucified in Mexico to a Communistic cross.

Philadelphia, Pa. JOHN J. O'CONNOR, S.J.

## RAPPROCHEMENT

EDITOR: The Eucharistic Congress in Manila in February will help to create a better understanding between Filipinos and Americans.

The rank and file of Americans, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, are still under the impression that the majority of Filipinos are non-Christians. We have on hand the answers to questionnaires, a part of a doctorate thesis, showing that even high school and university students on the Pacific Coast and the Middle West believe that not even fifty per cent of the Filipinos are Christians. According to these members of the intelligentsia, the Filipinos are mostly Mohammedans and Pagans.

Seattle, Wash. SEBASTIAN S. ABELLA

## NIGHT SCHOOL

EDITOR: Referring to your correspondent who deplored the fact that educational opportunities were not offered in evening classes to our Catholic adults, may we mention the work of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston, which conducts evening classes in the Boston College High School building?

This work, started twenty-seven years ago, has been tremendously successful. Upwards of 2,500 men and women attend these classes every year, some of them coming from points fifty miles distant. Courses in practical and cultural subjects are given. Graduates of the accounting classes have risen high in their profession and thousands of other pupils have secured well-paid positions as a result of preparing for civil service examinations in these classes. No restrictions are made as to age, race or creed. All are welcome.

Boston, Mass. JOSEPH H. FARREN

## PRACTICAL ZEAL

EDITOR: Father Joseph P. Archambault, S.J., the able head of the *Ecole Sociale Populaire* at Montreal, suggests two means of combating Communism. First, make Communism known, unveil its origins, reveal its atheistic doctrine, show the actual working of Communism in Russia, and stress what it would actually bring about if established in the United States or Canada. Second, spread Catholic

social doctrine so as to substitute a more humane system for the present economic regime.

I venture to comment upon the second point. I think American Catholics are being gradually roused to the subtle spread of Communism and semi-Communism in universities, schools, and among the masses. But mere negativism cannot effectually stop Communism. We Catholics simply must apply *Quadragesimo Anno* to concrete social problems. Neither Leo XIII nor Pius XI defended the present system as it stands. Leo XIII wrote: "The mass of the poor have no resources of their own, and must chiefly depend upon the assistance of the State. For this reason wage-earners should be especially protected by the Government." There is much radicalism in *Quadragesimo Anno*. Pius XI declares

immense power and despotic economic domination are concentrated in the hands of a few so that no one dare breathe against their will. . . . The State has become a slave bound over to passion and greed. . . . Most severely must be condemned the foolhardiness of those who neglect to remove conditions which exasperate the minds of the people and so pave the way for the ruin of the Social order.

Here are a few basic principles which Catholics must accept. Yet how many of us, especially among the well-to-do, are in fact economic rugged individualists! Again, some preach Papal principles in the abstract but nearly always oppose social reform by legislation in the concrete.

I venture to add this: if a Constitutional amendment be needed for the adequate regulation of big business, to end sweat shops and child labor, to safeguard collective bargaining, why not support it? If Federal control within due limitations be needed to secure a living wage and decent living conditions for the masses, why oppose it?

I do not dispute the legal correctness of the five-to-four and six-to-three decisions of the Supreme Court on the New York Minimum Wage Law, and the Guffey Coal Act. But they certainly embody a concept of economic liberty at variance with the Papal teaching. If the Constitution does consecrate economic *laissez-faire*, then it requires peaceful amendment.

The American masses are as yet neither Socialist or Communistic, as they are in great part in Europe. In our zeal to combat Communism let us avoid linking up the Church with reaction or with a rigid defense of the *status quo*.

Woodstock, Md. LAURENCE K. PATTERSON, S.J.

## STANDEES

EDITOR: I honestly believe that Doran Hurley's article (November 7) should be printed in leaflet form and distributed to every congregation at every Mass in every Catholic church in the United States.

Maybe his irony was severe, but I feel not too much so. My early church training was in a church where there were no pews, no kneeler-bangers, but all standees. And yet the ethics and reverence of the congregation had few if any violations.

Providence, R. I. DANIEL B. KIELY



# LITERATURE AND ARTS

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## CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY AS A MASTER OF STYLE

JOSEPH J. REILLY

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WHAT incentive has a judge whose opinions are read by only a handful of people and scrutinized for substance never for style to cultivate any literary virtue but clearness? Only one: the incentive which every artist feels to satisfy his own fastidious taste, his own sense of perfection. Such a judge, such an artist, was Roger Brooke Taney, appointed by Andrew Jackson, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court in 1835, and destined to preside over its deliberations until his death in 1864 at the age of 87.

At the bar before his appointment to the bench Taney was a marked man. Tall, emaciated, stoop-shouldered, with a wide mouth and uneven teeth, careless in dress and wanting in physical vigor, he spoke without gesture and in a hollow voice, avoiding pompous phrases and classical quotations in vogue at the time but impressing judges and convincing juries by his directness, sincerity, and lucid exposition of even the most complicated cases. These same characteristics marked his opinions from the bench and still others, less obvious, impressed those among his contemporaries who had a sense of style.

Here is a paragraph from Taney's opinion in *Ableman vs. Booth*, a case which Justice Hughes calls "the crown of his judicial career." The point involved was whether a State Supreme Court could defy the authority of the Supreme Court of the United States. To make it possible, said Taney, for the Constitution to guard against danger from abroad and to secure harmony at home the States had ceded to the Federal government sufficient of their sovereign rights to endow it with power to enforce its own laws in its own tribunals without hindrance from the States:

It was evident that anything short of this would be inadequate to the main objects for which the government was established; and that local interests, local passions or prejudices, incited and fostered by individuals for sinister purposes, would lead to acts of aggression and injustice by one state upon the rights of another, which would ultimately terminate in violence and force, unless there was a common arbiter between them, armed with power enough to protect and guard the rights of all, by appropriate

laws, to be carried into execution peacefully by its judicial tribunals.

The founding fathers deemed the Supreme Court so essential that it:

was erected, and the powers of which we have spoken conferred upon it, not by the federal government but by the people of the states, who formed and adopted that government, and conferred upon it all the powers, legislative, executive, and judicial, which it now possesses. And in order to secure its independence and enable it faithfully and firmly to perform its duty it engrafted it upon the Constitution itself, and declared that this court should have appellate power in all cases arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States. So long, therefore, as this Constitution shall endure, this tribunal must exist with it, deciding in the peaceful forms of judicial proceeding the angry and irritating controversies between sovereignties, which in other countries have been determined by the arbitrament of force.

Though Taney was outwardly restrained, his emotions were deep and once he established his convictions through experience, study, and reflection he held to them with passionate intensity. So did Burke, so did Newman. Ultimately that is the secret of all three as masters of English for it explains in all their work the vitalizing presence of personality, the sense of intellectual and moral vigor. The logic of a Burke, a Taney, or a Newman is never cold; it is because it takes fire that it influences its contemporaries and, lifted into literature, posterity. So it is with the greatest pages of Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*, of Newman's *Present Position of Catholics*, and of Taney's opinion in the celebrated *Merryman* case.

On the outbreak of the Civil War, John Merryman, a citizen of Maryland, was seized at night in his house at Baltimore on the order of a military officer who confined him in Fort McHenry and ignored a writ of *habeas corpus* issued by Taney on the ground that he was authorized by the President to suspend the writ at his discretion. Against obduracy backed by guns, the octogenarian Chief Justice confessed himself helpless, but from his passionate conviction that the rights of the individual were sacred and the suspension of the writ a usurpation

which hysteria could not excuse nor an emergency justify he wrote one of his greatest opinions. "The most exciting contests," he declared, "between the Crown and the people of England from the time of Magna Charta were in relation to the privilege of this writ and they continued until the passage of the statute of 31st Charles II, commonly known as the first *habeas corpus* act." As he continued, reviewing the guarantees of individual rights in England, his indignation at their infringement in the case before him vibrated through his words until one seems to catch echoes of Edmund Burke's voice as, seventy-three years before, in the great hall of William Rufus, he denounced the usurpations of Warren Hastings against the rights and liberties of the people of India.

He writes:

And if the President of the United States may suspend the writ, then the Constitution of the United States has conferred upon him more regal and absolute power over the liberty of the citizen than the people of England have thought it safe to entrust to the Crown—a power which the Queen of England cannot exercise at this day, and which could not have been lawfully exercised by the sovereign even in the reign of Charles the First. . . . Great and fundamental laws, which Congress itself could not suspend, have been disregarded and suspended, like the writ of *habeas corpus*, by a military order, supported by the force of arms. . . . If the authority which the Constitution has confided to the judiciary department and judicial officers may thus upon any pretext or under any circumstances be usurped by the military power at its discretion, the people of the United States are no longer living under a government of laws, but every citizen holds life, liberty, and property at the will and pleasure of the army officer in whose military district he may happen to be found.

Perhaps nothing better illustrates the characteristics of Taney's prose than his letters to Justice Curtis, his associate on the Supreme Bench. Taney had written the majority, Curtis the minority, opinion in the Dred Scott case, the country was in an uproar, Curtis' opinion, printed in a Boston newspaper, added fuel to the fire, and Curtis himself, hearing the gossip that Taney was amending his opinion before officially releasing it, sought a copy from the clerk of the Supreme Court. On being refused he wrote a protest to Taney and precipitated a correspondence which belongs among the most brilliant "passages at arms" that can be found in the language.

One's sympathies oscillate like a pendulum between the verbal duelists, but on whichever side they finally rest it is clear that Curtis has met his overmatch in English style. Curtis's is a sharp sword, Taney's a rapier, pointed, swift, supple. Here is the concluding paragraph of Taney's final letter which is curiously reminiscent of Newman in flavor and rhythm:

I have now done. I had, indeed, supposed that, whatever difference existed on the bench, all discussion and controversy between members of the tribunal was at an end when the opinions had been delivered; and I believed that this case, like all others that had preceded it, would be submitted calmly to the sober and enlightened judgment of the public in the usual channels of information, and in the manner in which it has heretofore been thought that judicial decorum and propriety re-

quired. But if it is your pleasure to address letters to me charging me with breaches of official duty, justice to myself, as well as to those members of the court with whom I acted, makes it necessary for me to answer and show the charges to be groundless; and a plain and direct statement of the facts appears to be all that is necessary for that purpose. And having now made it, I have only to add that

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. B. Taney.

Taney's predecessor as Chief Justice was John Marshall whose mastery of law was not paralleled by a mastery of style. His celebrated opinion in *Marbury vs Madison* is couched in journeyman English abounding in repetitions, awkward phrases ("transmission of a commission") and of what Alice Meynell would call "mouthfuls of thick words." Of such faults Taney could not be guilty. Like Addison when handling correspondence as Secretary of State, like Burke when discussing contemporary political problems, Taney was instinctively a stylist to whom the dignity of the matter treated invariably required perfection in the form it took.

The late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, like Taney, was a master of English whose personality, again like Taney's, was reflected in his style. Both had a sense of rhythm without which there can be no great prose, an unfailing grace, and an inalienable dignity. Taney's dignity is that of one who speaks *ex cathedra*, Holmes that of a tireless and brilliant student of law who knows that his opinion, though unique, will command respect. Holmes' style is more intimate, more colorful, more figurative, more given to literary allusions. He refers to Milton's *Paradise Lost*, says of a certain "notion" that it "somehow breathes from the pores of this Act," speaks of one interpretation of a law as offering "hardly any limit but the sky" and of another as "making eternal the *bellum omnium contra omnes*."

Taney's style is more sinuous, more fine of texture, more chaste, more luminous, the ideal instrument for the grave and learned occupant of a great judicial office. A sense of style whose art never seems self-conscious, marks all he wrote, not only his opinions but such diverse things as his memoirs begun at seventy-seven but never, alas! completed, his description of how *The Star Spangled Banner* came to be written, his love note to his wife on the forty-sixth anniversary of their marriage, and his touching letter penned a few months before his death to the stranger who had cared for his mother's grave which concludes: "But you are not now, nor can you hereafter be, a stranger. I am most grateful for your kindness, and when the brief space of life in this world which may yet be vouchsafed to me shall have passed, and I am laid by the side of my mother, I hope you will be near, and will feel assured that among my last thoughts will be the memory of your kindness."

Once, for a week or two following his conversion, Newman toyed with the notion of studying law. Had he done so and achieved the ermine his style, in the complete sense of the term, would, I am convinced, have been that of Chief Justice Taney.



# BOOKS

## A NEW BOSWELL SANS DISCRETION

BOSWELL'S JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES WITH SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D. Now First Published from the Original Manuscript. Prepared for the Press, with Preface and Notes by Frederick A. Pottle and Charles H. Bennett. The Viking Press. \$5

IT was in 1786, that is, 150 years ago, that James Boswell published his fulsome account of his tour in the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson. Now Boswell may have been all that Macaulay said about him. He may have been a presumptive and obsequious ass, a sot, and all the other red-blooded epithets that were chucked at him. But that does not explain away the fact that in that year 1786 Boswell's book ran through three editions, nor can it undermine the other fact that it has become a standard work in English literature.

When the Laird of Auchinleck died, it was found in his will that he referred to an ebony box, in which he had stored the more valued of his letters, diaries, and general papers. And his family, whose staunch Scots Presbyterianism had little use for James Boswell and his carnal lapses, was content to let it go that this ebony box had been destroyed. Hence, as it now appears, the *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* as we have known it these 150 years has been a bowdlerised version, trimmed to fit in with eighteenth century ideas of public respectability.

And this might have persisted had not an Irish peer, Lord Talbot of Malahide, who is a great-great-grandson of Boswell, succeeded to the lairdship of Auchinleck. From Auchinleck Castle Lord Talbot took to Ireland some of the more portable pieces of his heritage, and it is fairly certain that amongst these was the ebony box mentioned in Boswell's will. At any rate, in 1930, Lady Talbot gave a party at Malahide Castle, and it was then that a second collection of papers was found in an old croquet box. The collection proved to be a mixed group of Boswell's writings, and amongst them was the original manuscript of the *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*.

This is the text of the volume now under consideration, and it shows beyond doubt that the original manuscript had been considerably deleted both in the interests of Hanoverian good taste and the typographical limits of the volume which Boswell and his printer had in mind. The original shows itself to be about half as long again as the version in use up to the present. Discretion, so it would seem, was the predominant motive that lay behind the judicious pruning.

Boswell, as everyone who has read the pruned version knows very well, was a curious mixture of the fleshly and the religious—spiritual would be too overwhelming a word to apply to the Boswell whose habits and ways of life are delineated in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. But it must have been some unaccountable throw-back to ancestral Catholicism in his nature that caused him one night whilst on a visit to the island of Iona, to go out into the dark and ask the intercession of St. Columba, whom he miscalls Columbus. "I said *Sancte Columbe ora pro me*. . . I beseech thee to pray God that I may attain to everlasting felicity," and then he scurried back to the house, being afraid of ghosts.

There is a good deal more of Boswell in this original manuscript than ever appeared in the truncated edition, and of that good deal, much is concerned with his eatings and drinkings (particularly his drinkings) and his bodily comforts, or the lack of them. For it appears that the Scots gentry and nobility were somewhat behind the times in the comfortableness of their domestic menage, and sanitation had not made noticeable strides in the

mansions and castles of Scotland. However, what we now have is the journal of the Hebridean tour that Boswell originally wrote, and the omissions in behalf of good taste, now restored in the original text, rather more than suggest that that "good taste" had very much of a political flavor about it.

HENRY WATTS

## PROVING GOD ON THE HIGHWAYS

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CAMPAIGNER FOR CHRIST. By David Goldstein. Catholic Campaigners for Christ. \$2.50

BIOGRAPHY and more, this book gives the reader an understanding of the methods used by Socialists which only a one-time member of that group could supply. The record of the dramatic conflicts between Goldstein and his Socialist opponents is absorbing, and the details of the many successful encounters with the disciples of Marx furnish information that any Catholic speaker should be glad to have available.

At about the middle of his story, the author's work begins to deal with the more general aspects of apologetics, and his task becomes more difficult. As a former Socialist, he is still subject to attack from Reds of all shades; as a convert from Judaism, he meets opposition from the Jews; as a Catholic, he encounters hostility from groups that would be happier if the old Faith were done for. But his success continues.

His central purpose is to advance the understanding of things Catholic—the real business of the apologist—and never to be sidetracked by venom or slander. Yet whenever a Socialist attacks him, he hits back eagerly. For the insincere antagonist, he evidently believes in a thrust that is quick and deadly.

In that belief Goldstein appears as a propagandist rather than a salesman. Sometimes his answer leaves no opening for a change of opinion without the humiliation of defeat. It is probably true, however, that the sympathy of the American crowd goes out to the under dog and that the speaker is more likely to carry the crowd with him when his answer is convincing in content but conspicuously gracious in form.

But those matters are trifles. The tale of this man's career is the tale of thirty years of brilliant battling for the Faith with little or no concern for material reward. The converts he has started on their way into the Church are many. That is his great achievement. But next to that let us put the silencing of those persons who held that the layman could not, with propriety, seek out the crowd and clear up its misconception of things Catholic. Goldstein has proved that that can be done effectively, gracefully, with true Christian dignity, not only in localities where the Church is known and understood, but where it is not known and almost always thoroughly misunderstood.

Viewed from the literary standpoint, the book has some surplusage, especially in the quoted matter, and there are spots where the English is faulty. One suspects that parts of the writing were done under pressure. But generally the style is pleasing and expresses the thought in the crisp, clear manner that the crowd appreciates.

A regrettable matter is the inadequacy of the index. A book so useful for reference might well err on the side of over-indexing. Here, however, items have been omitted from the index which one would like to find there. But even at this point, the volume deserves praise, for it has an index, which many works of a like nature usually have not.

O'BRIEN ATKINSON

## MUDDLED ON MEDIEVALISM

THE GLITTERING CENTURY. By Phillips Russell.  
Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50

SUPERFICIAL, though well-written, is this panorama of the eighteenth century, in which crowned heads, pseudo-philosophers, pseudo-economists like Adam Smith, and statesmen like Jefferson and Talleyrand, file before us. The adjective "glittering" is well chosen. Those aspects which offer themselves to the word-painter, the bizarre, the original, the maimed, the strange things of the eighteenth century, confront us to satiety in this book, but the inner core of the eighteenth century evades us. Chesterton says somewhere that the chief impression we carry away from the eighteenth century is that of "tidying things up." There is more penetration in that phrase of G. K.'s than anything we find in *The Glittering Century*.

Just one paragraph, which takes up most of page 29, will illustrate what is meant by calling the book superficial. Mr. Russell speaks of Bayle as "a member of that early *intelligentsia* which, reacting against civil and religious absolutism, instinctively devoted itself to the tearing down of the decaying ideologic fabric left over from feudalism and the Middle Ages." Then he goes on to say that Bayle is the spiritual relative of Erasmus, Montaigne, Hume, Lessing, Frederick the Great, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Leibnitz, Leeuwenhoek, Fontenelle, Newton and Spinoza. These were "all belonging to that band whose mission it was to free the mind from medieval scholasticism and superstition." It would be difficult to find more congregated and solidified nonsense in the pages of any book. Some of these men had as the pith and marrow of their message that we have no minds. Such were the sceptics Montaigne and Hume. Some left no ideas as their heritage. Such was Erasmus. What ideas were in the head of Poor Richard, who found no difficulty in being simultaneously a Mason, Quaker, and Deist, only God knows. Leibnitz and Spinoza have very definite affiliations with scholasticism, and Jefferson is famous for setting down in lucid English the contract theory of the state, which is a medieval theory, elaborated and publicized by Bellarmine and Suarez. Locke was not lucid enough to free anybody from any ideas or to propagate any ideas with the exception of the contractual theory of the state, which he did not create but which he took from Bellarmine through the *Patriarcha* of Filmer.

In the chapter "End of Vassalage" we are treated to some of the results of the French Revolution. Here, too, the author is eminently superficial. He does not see that it was useless to deliver men from one set of masters to bind them over to a tougher, more cruel because more anonymous set of rascals, the monopolists and liberalists.

ALFRED G. BRICKEL

## LET US FORGET HIM

PHOENIX: THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE. With an Introduction by Edward D. McDonald. The Viking Press. \$3.75

A brief review cannot adequately deal with this volume of over eight hundred pages and containing papers on many diverse and important topics. The book well serves the purpose of making accessible articles which had hitherto been unpublished or were at least buried in rather obscure magazines. Mr. McDonald arranges the papers under general headings and comments briefly on a number of them.

It is a bit late to bring into current discussion the value of the views and writings of the late Mr. Law-

rence. This posthumous volume, moreover, gives us nothing new; it reveals the same old views on literature and life, the same old tricks of writing which Lawrence made familiar to his friends and foes during his lifetime.

Mr. Lawrence, as is well known, never enjoyed much or long freedom from his preoccupation with sex. He never ceased marveling at the external wonders of the human body. An infant reveals utter amazement when he first discovers that he has a foot and some small boys are known to have an unhealthy curiosity about their bodies, but when an adult, and particularly an intellectual, reveals a similar interest we feel that there has been a peculiar arrestment of development somewhere along the line. For all his obsession with the subject, Mr. Lawrence made no contribution of value toward a solution of the problem.

In a paper, in this current volume, on *Pornography and Obscenity* the author arrives at something of a definition of the former. He writes: "... genuine pornography is almost always underworld, it doesn't come into the open. ... The whole question of pornography seems to me a question of secrecy. Without secrecy there would be no pornography." So, we take it, a group of gangsters and their molls crudely and ungrammatically talking dirty in some hidden dive would be pornography; but a group of intellectuals cleverly bandying the same dirt about a swank dinner-table would not be pornographic. This seems to be Lawrence's whole norm of sex morality: if an act is done openly and shamelessly and under more or less pleasing circumstances, it is moral; under other circumstances it is immoral. He wrestles mightily with this concept and in the end shows plainly he does not know the difference between immorality and mere vulgarity.

Mr. Lawrence's naïveté is no less precious when he pontificates on the question of literary criticism. He says, in the paper on Galsworthy: "Literary criticism can be no more than a reasoned account of the feeling produced upon the critic by the book he is criticizing. ... The touchstone is emotion, not reason. We judge a work of art by its effect on our sincere and vital emotion, and nothing else." And so we behold another modern in full flight from reason. According to the above dictum an objectively worthwhile book could be utterly damned if it were read on a day when the critic was in a blue funk, or in the grip of a sinus headache, or the one on which his mother-in-law unexpectedly arrived for a month's visit. This is not criticism. For our part we prefer the intellectual approach.

In a series of papers on the novel Mr. Lawrence presents an amazing amount of clap-trap with very little of value about the novel as an art form. Analyzing the function of a novelist he graciously characterizes himself: "... being a novelist, I consider myself superior to the saint, the scientist, the philosopher, and the poet." One wonders, if in certain cycles, he did not also think that he was Napoleon.

Lawrence was undoubtedly a man of intellectual gifts, but in reading him the impression of "sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh" is inescapable. One is reminded of those other very different but brilliant and erratic literary lights, Swift and Blake.

THOMAS J. LYNAM

## BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

MARRIAGE AND THE SEX PROBLEM. By F. W. Foerster.  
Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2

THIS is the first American edition of a book which has for a long time been famous in Europe and has in fact become somewhat of a classic. Its author, Dr. F. W. Foerster, of the University of Zurich, is an educationist of the first rank and, although a Protestant, endowed to an extraordinary degree with the Catholic



## ART

spirit. The book deals with the ethics and the education of sex. The problem is treated in a twofold way: in the abstract from the standpoint of the basic principles which regulate the sex life of the race; and in the concrete, applied to the real situations of life. Such points as the value of the monogamous ideal, birth control, sex and health, sex in relation to asceticism and religion, are dealt with in a frank, clear, but restrained way. The book lacks the almost mystical inspiration of Hildebrand's admirable treatise *In Defense of Purity*. Neither has it got the crisp, luminous idealism of Father Martindale's *Difficult Commandment*. But in its own way it is eloquent and readable, and covers in a most thorough fashion all the aspects of this important topic. It is an ideal book for the young men and women who are about to enter the married life.

ANGELS' MIRTH. By Ethel Cook Eliot. Sheed and Ward. \$2

AT the opening of this story, a girl of sixteen is forced to face the ugly prospect of her divorced father breaking up another home by marrying the mother of it as soon as she secures a divorce. She is still shaken by the vivid memory of her baby sister, dead only a year, and her father is asking her to spend the summer as the guest of the woman who is to become her step-mother. Neither home nor school has given her any defense against the sorrows of life, since her outlook is purely atheistic. Under the sane influence of friends whose Catholicism is practical and profound, her spiritual enlightenment comes gradually and is described by Mrs. Eliot in a style that reflects the extreme sensitiveness of a harassed soul. Emotional tension is high throughout the book, but always well controlled, and the Catholic standard of life reveals the shallowness of modern paganism.

THE LEGEND OF HELENA VAUGHAN. By Robert Speaight. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50

THE Legend of Helena Vaughan is one of those self-confession stories, developed along psychological lines. Its heroine, if such she may be called, following her jealous instincts, manages to do much to ruin the life of another and incidentally her own. The situation offers the author ample opportunity to work in yards of a tire-some philosophy of life, and he never fails to take advantage of it. Like many another fictional philosophy it is essentially weak.

The story is told against an interesting background of the stage and the traditions of a stage family, the Vaughans. The characters are comparatively few, and none of them is especially fascinating. Laura Paget, however, an elderly friend of Helena, narrowly escapes greatness of character. She is one of the few interesting people in the book, outdoing the heroine, in spite of her relatively few appearances. She, too, has a philosophy which badly needs propping here and there. In general the story is not without interest.

DEAR DARK HEAD. By Helen Landreth. Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Co. \$2.75

THE sub-title calls this book an intimate story of Ireland. This might be misleading. On library shelves, you will find the book in the history section. As a matter of fact it does narrate the history of Ireland from its beginning in fable to the day when the Dail Eireann first met at Mansion House in 1919. No one would call it technical history in the sense of a textbook or a manual or even a reference book. Yet it is scientific history and a scholarly work in the best sense of these words. To those who are already familiar with the history of Ireland, we recommend this book. If any there be in our midst who are proud of Irish ancestry and are not quite sure just why they are thus proud, in these the book is bound to engender a holy unrest to know more of this beloved Ireland, "the woman, beautiful and bereaved to whom they (the poets) gave lovely names, Dark Rosaleen and Kathleen ni Houlihan and Dear Dark Head." Years of loving and understanding research have borne fruit in this book and no brief review can do justice to its charm.

SOME weeks ago there was a notice in this column that the Museum of Modern Art in New York was planning to hold an exhibition of the work of John Marin. It was with considerable interest that your reviewer looked forward to seeing this exhibition, since what he had seen of Marin's work in the past had been largely fragmentary. The present exhibition is as extensive as any individual artist could hope for. There must be well over a hundred water colors as well as a number of oils, pen and ink drawings, pencil sketches, and proofs of work in the graphic media.

The general impression is distinctly disappointing. The charm of color, which makes Marin's water colors attractive when seen alone, very largely disappears when one sees whole rooms full of the same composition, the same vignette treatment. For nowhere in this exhibition does Marin go beyond a certain very restricted formula of design. And although one hesitates to pass critical judgment on the basis of so small an indication, perhaps the best explanation of this monotonous lack of growth lies in the small room devoted to specimens of his work in the graphic arts. Here one sees an inferior artist entirely basing himself on Whistler and Pennell with a touch of Meryon but with none of Meryon's ability to surpass the vignette. Of course these derivative specimens are very different at a first glance from the later work which made Marin celebrated, since they are almost entirely representative in intent; but the less naturalistic treatment of the style for which Marin is noted seems, in view of them, to fall away like a mask, leaving only a single monotonous conception of composition.

It is like a breath of fresh air to see the exhibition of paintings by Paul Cézanne at the Bignou Gallery. For here one can see a continuous growth, subject to the influences of contemporaries, from the very earliest canvas shown—a portrait of Emile Zola painted in 1861—all the way to an extraordinarily fine landscape painted in the year of the artist's death, 1906. It is scarcely necessary to consult the excellent catalog in order to place the pictures in their relative order of time, so clear is the progress which the painter shows, not only in the technical mastery of his art, but in the subtleties of its expression. Any one who wishes to understand Cézanne can do no better than visit this admirably full exhibition which will continue through the month of December.

For those whose preferences run to the work of former generations, there is an extremely good exhibition at the Knoedler Galleries, which will be coming to a close just as this issue of AMERICA reaches its readers, although there will be still time for those who live in the neighborhood of New York to see it. The exhibition is entitled "Masterpieces of American Historical Portraiture." There is an excellent catalog.

In reality it would have been more accurate to describe the exhibition as consisting of thirteen portraits by Gilbert Stuart together with certain pictures by his contemporaries. The Stuarts are magnificent and represent the finest output of this amazingly facile painter. The portraits are not only interesting as amazing specimens of virtuosity but also as representing distinguished men in the history of our country. The pictures not by Stuart are some of them distinctly interesting, some of them fairly commonplace. Unfortunately there is one portrait by John Singleton Copley of which I am strongly tempted to doubt the authenticity. If it is authentic, it is certainly a sorrowful specimen of this great painter's work.

Of course those who can see nothing in eighteenth century portraiture will find it a waste of time to go to Knoedler's, but the exhibition is well worth noting for the attention of those with interest in the history of art and of the United States.

HARRY LORIN BINSS

## FILMS

**AS YOU LIKE IT.** This is a curious affair, part Shakespeare and part Bergner. The part which is the Bard's is executed in agreeable if workmanlike fashion and the Rosalind offered, whatever may be said of its orthodoxy, is of a charming consistency. It is definitely a Rosalind compacted of Miss Bergner's own art, owing little to poetry and less to the dread formalism of staid reverence. Rising above the cloying girlishness which vitiates the opening scenes of the film and which cousin Celia never wholly abandons, this Rosalind brings gaiety and life to the papier-mache proceedings in the forest of Arden. As she fences, in boy's disguise, with the lovelorn Orlando, she is unrestrained to the point of being hoydenish; and that is, really, the only technique which could make her thin masquerade acceptable to the audience. The supporting cast is, in the main, satisfactory and except for early lapses by Orlando the diction of the principals is easy and natural, without the self-consciousness which often mars poetic dialog. Especially in Miss Bergner's lines does one receive the impression of common speech uncommonly well spoken. As the romantic Orlando, Laurence Olivier offers a flexible reading of the part but a most inflexible countenance, and Leon Quartermaine is an excellent Jacques for the brief moment it takes to dis-course on the Seven Ages of Man. Paul Czinner, who produced and skilfully directed the picture, kept close to the script and declined to prove the virtuosity of the camera by taking us on an irrelevant tour of the English countryside. This experiment in Shakespeare will probably not match the popular appeal of its predecessors but it has points of undoubted superiority—most of which resolve themselves into Elizabeth Bergner. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

**COME AND GET IT.** The chief merit of this film made from the Edna Ferber novel is Edward Arnold's full-bodied characterization of a rugged individualist in the lumber business, a portrayal which utilizes to the full the actor's gift for vigorous realism. A strong man who rises from logger to lumber baron through a creed of selfishness, he sacrifices love to a profitable marriage and attempts later to rebuild his happiness with the rejected woman's daughter. His own son points the obvious moral of the piece by winning the girl away from him. The theme is truthfully enacted by the supporting cast which includes Joel McCrea, Frances Farmer, Mary Nash and Mady Christians. The film frequently generates power and intensity and is recommended to adults. (United Artists)

**MAD HOLIDAY.** It is hard to discover whether this is a comic mystery yarn or a slightly mysterious comedy, but whichever way you will have it, it is not very new. That it manages to amuse and mystify us at all is due to the heroic cast which surmounts the added difficulty of uncertain direction. When a movie star, who has been typed as a detective much to his dislike, sets out on a holiday cruise, he encounters honest-to-goodness murder and a diamond robbery. Edmund Lowe lends his polished presence to the role and is excellently abetted by Elissa Landi as his annoyingly prolific scenarist. (MGM)

**THE LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD.** That is a very imposing title for such a minor film and I may point out that Jane Wyatt, who plays the title role, is not by far the luckiest girl even in Hollywood for having drawn so ordinary an assignment. As a daughter of the rich who tries to live on \$150 a month for love's sake, she is better than her material and deserves a more favorable opportunity to prove her large talents. Louis Hayward plays opposite her in this comedy best suited to adults. (Universal)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

## EVENTS

**EXTRAORDINARY** phenomena are thought to be preceded by omens.... Things that may be omens startled the week.... Thunderous blasts of sewer gas, mysterious showers of manhole-covers shook New York.... In Quebec a wrist watch was taken out of a horse's hoof.... Octupuses were seen crawling over Midwest drought regions.... More babies swallowed pennies.... The strange location of all those octupuses, the pennies dropping into tiny esophoguses caused head-shaking among realists.... Heart-breaking disappointments welled up in the news.... In Egypt a woman found her new dress did not fit, drank carbolic acid.... The dressmaker, feeling the disgrace keenly, took a swig of iodine.... A poor, hard-working father learned his only boy was being taught hemstitching in a New York public school.... The brighter side of life broke through.... The W.F.S. (Wine and Food Society) opened a gala season with a tasting session. Light-hearted men and women strode gayly around tasting wine and cheese. One lady, inhaling nibbles of limburger, thrilled through and through by the delicate cheese, murmured: "Ah! So subtle!".... Defamation of the onion aroused the National Onion Congress meeting in Michigan.... The onion is a member of the lily family, researchers declared. Its development as a flower is assured.... Buttonholes will eventually sparkle with onions; lovers will send bunches of onions to their sweethearts, promoters of this flower believed....

Enrichment of literature continued.... Citizens of a New Jersey town gaped at their police cars. One car was painted: "Boy Scout Taxi." Another: "Mice or Men." A young lady, writing a book on vandalism, wanted experimental knowledge of her subject.... The snaky-haired Gorgons, Medusa and her sisters, once enjoyed wide publicity. Lately, their public has dwindled. A new press agent now appears in the person of Wilhelm Hohenzollern, *quondam* Kaiser, with a book on these ugly girls.... Music cannot express anything "whether a feeling, an attitude of mind, a psychological mood, a phenomenon of nature," says Igor Stravinsky in his autobiography. "Expression... is by no means the purpose of its existence. If it appears to express something, this is only an illusion and not a reality.... People always insist on looking in music for something that is not there.".... Someone observed that composer Stravinsky views music as "architecture for the ear.".... If architecture is "frozen music," then music is liquid architecture.... Solid architecture is certainly capable of expressing ideas and in denying that power to its liquid form Stravinsky will find many who differ with him.... At the New York Times National Book Fair, Henry Hazlitt defended the publication of *ex parte* dispatches—censored news from the capitals of dictators.... "...discerning readers..." he said "know that even falsehood is better than no information whatever, because after a while they learn the art of reading between the lines...".... Perhaps discerning readers may, but there are millions of undiscerning readers who never learned "between-the-line" reading? What effect has years of Walter Duranty's Soviet propaganda from Moscow had on them?...

The announcement of Prof. O. E. Baker of the Bureau of Agriculture is significant.... The national birth-rate dropped twenty-five percent in the last decade.... At that rate, population will begin declining around 1950, at first slowly, then faster and faster.... It will be 1965 or so before people will commence realizing fully what is happening.... 1987 will see only a third as many children running around as 1936.... The country will then be literally the old U. S. A. And it will not have any child-labor laws.... What is causing this decline? Could it be birth-control fanatics?

THE PARADER.